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CONTENTS.

Agricultural—A Peculiar Season—Englands Shorthorns vs. Jersey Farm Labor—Sheep and Wheat—The Wheat—New Crop from the Southwest—The Michigan Wheat Crop of 1882—Horse Matters—The Stallion Race at Buffalo—A Good Suggestion—	1
The Farm-Sprouted Wheat—The Draining Mugs—Qualities—The Price of Beef—Walking Wool—Agricultural Implements—The New Englander—Ripening of Strawberries in 1882—South Haven and Casco Pomological Society—Michigan Wild Flowers—The Wilson Strawberry—Gulf Door Propagations of Cuttings—Horizonal Notes—	2
Market—Wheat, Corn, and Other Crops—Honey—Dairy Products—The Live Stock Trade—The Marshals Races—Good Words—Crop Report—The Welsh—The English—The French—Notes—Results of the Club Room Stock Notes—	3
News Summary—Michigan—General Foreign—Poetry—Song of the Plover—Miscellaneous—Who Took It—Manufacture of Wine from Raisins—Influence of Drugs—How to Prevent the Loss of Trees—Brown Root—A Good Newspaper—An Enormous Telescope—How to Get a Carpenter—Jim Horropson—Mark the German—Varieties—Chaff—Household—Our Vacation—Useful Hospitality—Notes from the Interior—An Inquiry—The Care of Children—	4
Veterinary—Quitter—Swine—Another Cattle Disease—City Items—Commercial—	5

Agricultural.

A PECULIAR SEASON.

Since the growing season began it has been a continuous succession of surprises. No foresight could arrange, or experience plan a satisfactory success, based upon precedent. The usual predictions for an early season were unwarranted by the result. The experience of the preceding year has been no guide to follow in this, and those who have succeeded best, have done so inadvertently, and cannot plumb themselves upon any superior knowledge, or forecasting of wisdom which led to success. It is getting to be very well understood that a plant matures by stages; so that if the weather is not propitious in the several periods of its growth, it is checked, and a stint is given to its development, which no auspicious period thereafter will fully overcome; although sometimes it would appear that nature was making a vigorous effort to catch up. This effort will be noticed more particularly in the propensity to form seed to perpetuate the species, rather than in the growth of vine, stalk or wood. An instance is noticeable at the present time in corn. The lateness of the season and the short time in which the ears must mature, seem to stimulate the production of ears; almost every large stalk has two, well developed, and each striving to make a good showing for seed.

Referring again to the stages of growth in plant life, it seems necessary that in the first stage, it should get firmly established in the soil by a growth of root. If the earth is cold and the elements unkindly in their nurturing, a feeble, sickly growth is engendered, and when the period of stalk growth is reached, their early growth is incomplete, and unfitted for a normal development, such as would occur had the early growth been unchecked.

The production of seed hinged upon the previous stages of growth, so that if in either case the growth is immature or incomplete, the production of seed must suffer diminution and will discount the farmer's profit.

The promise of a seed time never yet has failed, but we are not promised that it shall occur regularly on a fixed day of the month, each year. It is later or earlier in different seasons. The farmer who says this year "I shall plant or sow on a fixed day another year," is very unwise; better wait until the unfolding of the season indicates the propitious time, and then be ready to accept the promise and be thankful—casting in the grain in faith of ultimate reaping.

The opening season promised a bountiful supply of fruit of all kinds. Referring to the crop report for April, the condition of apples and peaches was far in advance of last year's crop, but the adverse weather attending the early growth, has caused nearly all the summer apples to fall, and but few varieties of winter fruit make any showing at the present. Baldwin, Golden Russet and Northern Spy, are the only varieties that promise anything beyond a home supply, and then only under favorable conditions. The early varieties of fruits ripening during the rainy weather of the past three weeks, are tasteless and unsatisfactory in anything except their size. Those who taste peaches with their eyeight may have been beguiled into purchasing a sample box, but save for the very unsatisfactory reputation of buying and eating the first fruits of the season, the experience has doubtless been very unfavorable.

It would seem that sufficient fine weather for securing the wheat crop was had, so that the calamity of sprouted grain might have been averted, had the usual precautions been practiced. The short cut of securing grain by threshing from the field, doubtless led many to take the risk of unpropitious weather, and has thus multiplied the disaster. Those who began to cut their grass early, lost much by getting it in too green, while those who waited for the propitious time were not disappointed.

The lesson to farmers is this: wait until the time arrives for both planting and securing crops, and when the time arrives put forth every effort to utilize every moment, until the task is accomplished.

ENSLAGE.

As we gave the bright side of the ensilage question the past week, we feel that the other side of the subject should also be given, so that our readers can form some opinion of how those who are testing the system regard it. It will be seen that all are not favorably impressed with its merits. Prof. Geo. H. Cook, of the New Jersey Experimental Station, has made a report upon this subject, after careful experiments to test the feeding value of ensilage. The conclusions arrived at are summed up by him as follows:

First. When the green corn was dried in stacks the loss of food was less than it was when the corn was packed in a silo.

Second. When dried corn fodder was cut and crushed it was eaten by the cows more readily than it was when fed as a complete experiment.

Third. In three cases the yield of milk was not increased when ensilage was substituted for dried corn, but in one case ensilage caused an increase of eighty-seven pounds of milk in forty days.

Fourth. In the mixed milk for twenty days of herd No. 1, ensilage caused no increase in the yield of total solid matter; while in the milk of herd No. 2 for the same period it caused a gain of eight and one-third pounds, or seven per cent.

Some time ago a Mr. C. W. Mills of Pompton, N. J., was a strong advocate of the system of ensilage, and lectured, we believe, in some parts of Massachusetts on its merits. He was using it, he said, on his farm, with the greatest advantage to his stock. The proprietor of the Worcester (Mass.) *Gazette* got a committee to visit Pompton, N. J., and reported upon the system worked on Mr. Mills' farm, and the report of this committee, gathered from a summary published in an eastern agricultural paper, is rather astonishing. The farm, it appears, is beautifully located; has strong, but mellow soil; there are ample buildings and facilities for large operations. Three or four animals found at the home place, were "cruelly lean," and "one or two yearlings very small and weak, with every indication of semi-starvation." Twenty great apple trees, some with stems two feet in diameter, growing in a field near the barn where the cattle and mules were turned to exercise, were found peeled of "the last fragment of bark as high up as an animal could reach." The son mentioned that eight horses died in one day, and "only five or six" cattle during the winter. Seventy-five head or more were found in pasture two miles distant, where the grass was just starting; it was raining steadily and "they were all in thickets of oak and other young trees, browsing upon twigs and last year's leaves." They were miserably poor, some being so weak and thin to suggest a demand for the S. P. C. T. A. On returning, the visitors met Mr. Mills at the hotel, and were very graciously received. They did not reveal to him that they had seen the stock. He repeated the main points of his address in Massachusetts. In answer to questions, incidentally put, he said he had about 75 cows in milk, including "stripers," and that the daily product was seven ten-gallon cans, which is an average of 3½ quarts per cow. He declared that 20 pounds of corn ensilage and four quarts of bran were enough for any animal, and that his stock had wintered well on it. The report concludes with the remark that if the cattle in question had 20 pounds each per day 60 pounds each would be about right for them were certainly two-thirds starved. Of course one swallow does not make a summer, nor do the results of the practice of such a slovenly farmer as Mr. Mills conclusively demonstrate the value of ensilaged food. But, as we said before, the system is being thoroughly tested by men who have the means, and it is just as well to await final conclusions before investing heavily in silos.

PURE ORANGE COUNTY BUTTER.—Dr. Shire, of New York City, has discovered that there are eight oleomargarine factories in that city, running nights, where butter and fats of every description are mixed together and sold as "pure Orange County Butter." In a letter to the Health Department on this subject, he says:

"I beg to call your attention to the flagrant breach of the recent statute for the prevention of the selling of adulterated butter or oleomargarine as pure, fresh butter. Several such factories, as far as I know, are at full blast every night, engaged in turning out large quantities of vile compound made of the lowest grade of impure and rancid fats, the next day packed in heavy tin boxes labelled 'Pure Orange County Butter,' and forwarded to hotels for innocent dupes to feast on during their vacation from the city. Yesterday evening I visited one of these places and found eight men working with dirty shoes on a large scale, containing a hundred weight of the noxious and vile compound. They worked with common shovels, such as are used in making mortar, and were salting and coloring the compound. This outrage should be quickly stopped."

The Marshall Examiner puts the damage to the wheat crop of Calumet County at from \$850,000 to \$900,000, estimating that at least one-third the crop was in the shock at the time of the rains.

SHORTHORNS VS. JERSEYS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you kindly permit me to correct a part of your argument as used in the article on "Shorthorns vs. Jerseys" in your issue of 8th inst?

The lesson to farmers is this: wait until the time arrives for both planting and securing crops, and when the time arrives put forth every effort to utilize every moment, until the task is accomplished.

FARM LABOR.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have been a reader of your valuable paper for several years, and read the discussions on various subjects which have appeared in it with much interest, I send you some ideas on the question of farm labor, in regard to which I notice several articles have been published. I believe that it is a subject that interests both the farmer and the laborer, and the better they understand their condition and dependence one upon the other, the more willing will they both be to treat each other with due respect, and show by their work the proper position that each should occupy in their avocations in life. While the laborer has rights that the employer is bound to respect, the laborer should remember the employer has a few rights also that should be bound to respect.

I am inclined to the belief, however, that there is a lack of principle on the part of both parties in many cases; yet, as it has been said, as a rule the employer is the only responsible party to the contract. It makes no difference what the conditions of the contract are, whether it be verbal or written; the tramp laborer of to-day will accept it, and work on and do the thing that is right as long as he finds it pleasant, remunerative and comfortable, but keeps an eye "leelde out" for a softer and more revenue. It takes but a small stretch of intellect to invent a reason for leaving; it was said in one of your communications that the refusal of a cup of milk at the table was judged sufficient cause for leaving. But the most prevalent reason seems to be sickness, especially just about the 20th of June, or when the clover blossoms begin to wither and turn brown, and again about the time when the wheat begins to turn yellow. These are trying times with many farm laborers. It is a crisis that very many in this locality can not pass without covering themselves with dishonor and shame, to say nothing of good places for no good reason, but simply because there is an extra demand for labor and for a few days they can get \$2 or \$2 50 per day for hired work. While it shows a lack of principle it is at the same time damaging, and no man, young or old, can keep the confidence of the better portion of the community in which he lives who will allow himself to be jostled about, for some frivolous excuse. Many young men start out in life, as I did myself, with little but their hands to carve out a competence. While we should sell our labor to the best advantage we can, we should not place too high an estimate upon it. We should keep within bounds of the demands for labor, and should be willing to take for it what we earn, whether it be mental or physical work. We are living in an age of schools and education for the young. The question should come up in the minds of farmer parents: What avocation in life do you intend your children shall follow? and they should commence early in life to shape their course accordingly. It is very essential that the farmer should be educated to meet the many knotty problems that will be called on to solve from day to day. Farming is becoming more and more a science every year. To be a successful farmer of to-day one should understand nearly all the arts and sciences: philosophy, chemistry, entomology, mathematics, are indispensable requisites, while the more he knows about practical things the more sure he is to succeed if he puts them into practice.

PRICE OF FARM LABOR.

The price that farmers can afford to pay for labor is limited. We must take into consideration the price of farm products and our prospective yield, and be governed accordingly when we hire our help. We admit that there are no two placed on an identical footing, so they must take a different class of labor. The price of labor should vary according to the capacity of the laborer. But in this locality the farmers are carrying on businesses that are quite identical, and the pay for labor seems quite uniform, which has been from \$15 to \$20 per month for seven months, \$15 for light hands, and \$20 for men, with board and washing done.

This would, in the case of men, aggregate \$30 per month, for seven months \$210, or a fraction over \$15 per day. We must admit that this is not a large salary compared with what some other avocations are able to pay; but when we take prices paid mechanics and laborers in cities, where help invariably boards themselves, after taking out board and washing bills and in some cases bad weather, they will not have as much money at the end of each month as the farm hand. And yet the tendency is for young men to flock into cities and villages looking for a job, that seems to them more elevating where they are brought face to face with excitement and vice.

The farmer is a producer; he produces from his God given soil, that which feeds and clothes the nation at home and abroad; the farmer should be marketed in the same

place, and the difference in price given. To-day it would be a difficult matter to sell a consignment of Jersey butter in this city at 30 cents per lb. after freight was paid.

FARM LABOR.

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PRICE OF FARM LABOR.

We are satisfied that there are no two branches of grain and stock farming that can be so profitably combined as wheat and sheep farming. In growing wheat the ground in plowing turns up new, fresh soil, giving a clean, new seed bed for the grass to grow on; while the fermenting and decaying accumulations of an old pasture, or any field, are turned down to enrich the soil and give the plant a more vigorous growth. We find in our domestic sheep a very admirable habit; one is quietness, the other industry. You can easily fence them in—they do not need a jail yard, like a wild colt, nor do they need a vigilant committee after them, as you do in the care of the vicious hog. After your wheat has been drawn from the fields, turn in your sheep and they will glean it as carefully and as successfully as did the gleaners in the days of Ruth. We find by experience that sheep can be well wintered by feeding grain and good, bright wheat straw, thereby returning to the soil which has been taken from it.

By carefully utilizing all our products, our farms will grow richer and our pockets larger. It is very essential that every farmer keep a few sheep; first, as a source of profit; second, as reavators—they being very destructive to weeds, and also accumulating in fence rows and other obscure places, rendering the farmer service in many ways.

We have carefully noted the growing and marketing of the great crops, wool and wheat. We need to grow more wool, because we do not produce enough for home consumption; while with wheat we have to look to foreign markets very largely to make sales. Our farmers have been marketing these two farm products. The wool has been grown without any extra expense, the farmer and his family caring for them, while the washing and shearing has cost about five cents on each dollar received; they took their 35 cents per pound and went home happy. In the meantime the wheat farmer has come to market with his grain. "Wheat just one dollar, to-day?"

"Is that all?"

"Yes." He gets black in the face, for it has rained, I should remark that it has poured down in torrents; he has had a long, hard siege in the house as well as in the field, employing a large gang of hands at two dollars per day. Rain has caused extra expense and extra work; he finds, after deducting harvest expenses, marketing, etc., a net profit of about 75 cents the dollar. He estimates that it costs about as much to feed a wheat crop, including seed, labor, manure, commercial fertilizers, and all that goes to make a good wheat crop, as it does the same percentage of sheep, leaving a handsome balance on the wool side of the ledger.

The amateur may ask what kind of sheep to keep. Well, if mutton is the object, take mutton sheep of the English breed; if wool is the object, take the American Merino. Do not try and breed a sheep combining wool and mutton, because each has a fixed type. The coarse wool sheep have been bred for hundreds of years on the Downs of England, and are a fixed type; while the fine wools were bred in Spain as long ago as the time when the Moors invaded that country. So in trying to build a breed in a few crosses you will make a serious failure, and the worst kind of a mongrel. In 1881 these coarse and mixed wools were bought at Bisell Junction, Ohio, at from \$8 to \$10 per cent, and sold in Boston, June 1, 1882, for 35 cents per lb. The same class of wools were only bringing 25 cents per lb. in 1882, the fine wools 35c. The future outlook for fine wool sheep is very satisfactory; farmers are fast learning that it pays to grade up their flocks, and some are introducing a few ewes to make a start.

L. B. ALEXANDER.

In regard to the appearance of crops on the College farm, the *Speculum* says: "The condition of crops on the farm may be described as follows: Hay an excellent crop and well secured. The average yield will be about two and one-half tons per acre. The wheat is fine. Potatoes, oats, and roots good. Corn is somewhat backward, as it is in all parts of the county."

CREAMERIES.

The time has arrived when the system of butter-making now in vogue in this State should be modified, and means taken to place it in the same position as cheese-making. The establishing of the factory system of making cheese has been of incalculable benefit to the State, and we believe that butter factories would prove even more so.

At present conducted there is no uniformity in the butter product of the State. There are excellent butter makers whose product sells at the top price, others who make a fair article, and still others, unfortunately, whose product lacks every essential of sweet, well flavored butter. These various grades go into the hands of the dealer, and he excuses his ingenuity in combining them into packages that will meet the approval of his customers. There is no similarity between the various lots, either in color, quality or flavor, and when packed together the result is not always of a nature to please consumers.

For the Michigan Farmer.

SHEEP AND WHEAT.

LE ROY, OHIO, August 8, 1882.

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Horse Matters.**THE STALLION RACE AT BUFFALO.**

An eye witness of the great race between the two stallions Black Cloud and Jerome Eddy, furnishes the Owosso *Press* with his views on the race, and as it is somewhat different from the account published in our last issue, we give place to it.

Having read a number of accounts of the great special race for the two Michigan stallions Jerome Eddy and Black Cloud, trotted at Buffalo last week, and finding no two of them agreed, each being wrong regarding some part of the race, I thought to give our home paper an account as seen by one who had gone several hundred miles just to see it. The day was a very good one for a race and the crowd assembled to see it was estimated at ten thousand people. The clapping of hands from one end to the other of the grand stand announced the appearance of the horses for the race.

First Heat.—After scoring four or five times they were sent away with Black Cloud at the pole a good length ahead. This lead he increased around the first turn, Eddy beginning to close up on him just before reaching the half. At the turn he collared the black and from then home trotted him off his feet, winning the heat by several lengths in 2:16.

Second Heat.—Black Cloud again had a little the best start after several times scoring, and, as Eddy broke going around the first turn, took the pole, Eddy falling back about three lengths but closing up again as they rounded into the straight, both trotting home beautifully together when Eddy again left his feet, Black Cloud taking the heat in 2:18.

Third Heat.—They came under the wire quite evenly, Black Cloud soon leading. As they made the first turn, Eddy being at the Cloud's wheel again left his feet, making so bad a break that when Abbott caught him—which he did before reaching the quarter—he was fully three open lengths in the rear. Eddy trotted square from this home, lapping the black at the half, and trotting around him into the stretch led him home by nearly a length. For some reason this was called a dead heat. Time: 2:19.

Fourth Heat.—They left the wire with Black Cloud slightly leading, which lead he industriously increased, going round the turn just showing daylight between them as they rounded into the back stretch. At the three quarters Eddy again collared the black and it was a fine race, Eddy leading under the wire by half a neck. For some reason this was called a dead heat. Time: 2:20. The race was postponed until the next day.

The fifth and sixth heats were similar, Eddy breaking at the first turn, giving Black Cloud so much lead that he did not head him in either heat, Black Cloud being decided winner of the race.

I was greatly disappointed in the great Cold Springs track, the first turn being the worst I ever saw—but abrupt that Eddy was evidently afraid of it and could not trot at his greatest speed around it but had either to be slowed or break, in either case losing from two to four lengths. The track is a peculiar sort of clay that “cups” quite badly. Horsemen considered it at least two seconds slow, yet Jerome Eddy lost two lengths in making the first turn and on this slow track marked a heat in 2:16, trotting the last half in 1:06½ and the last quarter in 33 seconds.

He won the race in the first, third and fourth heats. Some of the most experienced horsemen, entirely disinterested, did not hesitate to say that the race was fairly won by Eddy, and that he was wrongfully judged out of it and that they considered it an outrage.

The latest information regarding these two flyers is that a special race has been arranged at Rochester for the 18th inst., for a purse of four thousand dollars, the probable entries to which will be Jerome Eddy, Santa Claus, Black Cloud and Von Armin. Santa Claus is the great California stallion and Von Armin the winner of the great stallion race at Chicago in July.

Powell Bros., of Springfield, Pa., announce the reception of another fine lot of Clydesdales the past week, and another shipment is on the way. They say the demand for draught horses is continually increasing, and that the Clydes are strong favorites.

It is announced that Col. William Edwards of Cleveland, has accepted the challenge of John W. Shaw to trot Trinket against Clingstone for \$25,000 a side, the contest to take place at Hartford, Conn.

A Good Suggestion. A New York Tribune correspondent says:

“After the grain is harvested, it is a well known fact to all observing farmers that the surface of the ground becomes very dry and parched, and the seedling, especially timothy, dries up, turns brown, and very often dies by wholesale. The evaporation from the stubble only makes the matter worse by making more heat and dryness at the surface. A bountiful sprinkling of plaster at this time will help to arrest this evaporation, retain the moisture and cool the soil, thus preventing the delicate plants from withering and drying up. It would undoubtedly, in a time of drought pay to renew the plaster sowing in a couple of weeks. Plaster is the least expensive fertilizer to purchase, and under the circumstances described it is undoubtedly the most effective. It costs about twenty cents a hundred. It may be sown broadcast, or by machines which have an attachment for the purpose. On a still day, sowing out of the hand is not so very disagreeable work. The team and wagon should be kept at hand, to prevent carrying, which is the hardest part of the labor. It used to be a maxim that farmers who used most plaster had the most haystacks; and there is no reason why the same may not be renewed.”

A Delicious Appetizer. That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhea cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

The Farm.**SPROUTED WHEAT.**

Some Practical Suggestions by a Farmer.

years since. The season is hastened in the spring by enabling the cultivator to get on to his land earlier by several days, and all through the summer it prevents loss of time in working the crop by prompt removal of the surplus water. Sometimes a week of valuable time at corn planting, or during corn cultivation, is lost by reason of excessive rain; and a crop is lost or seriously injured which drainage would have made a success. Thus is the farmer rescued from the fickle dominion of the uncertain seasons.

“3. On wet land many of our best maturities are almost thrown away. High cultivation, then, is only possible upon land naturally or artificially drained. Thus is the farmer subjected to great loss by actual waste, and a barrier is placed against his best efforts toward progress. Drainage can give him courage and hope and a constant return from honest toil and liberal cultivation.

“4. Two important conditions in plant growth, temperature and water, should be more generally understood. Professor Bessey has shown that seeds refused to germinate till a certain temperature of soil is reached, and that the growth of the plant is accelerated by increase of temperature till a certain point, designated the optimum, is reached. An increase of the temperature of the soil by under-drainage causes, therefore, more rapid growth of the plant quite portion of the season. But heat is not the only aid to growth; the amount of water in the soil has an equally direct bearing. Plants take their food in a solution of water, and there is a proportion of solid matter to water that is the best for nourishing the plants; an increase of water from the ratio affects the plant as diluting milk with water affects the growth of the calf. How much and how long plant growth is retarded each season by excessive water, would make an interesting table. Under-draining speedily withdraws the water, and leaves only the normal amount in the soil, thus uniformly affording to the plant the best condition of moisture as well as temperature. Without further suggestions upon the value of under-drains, let us consider the method of construction.

“1. The size of the tile. In no particular in drainage has a greater mistake been made than in the size of the pipes. Frequently a two-inch pipe has been laid to serve the purpose of main drainage on forty acres of land.

“It would take a two inch pipe about twelve days, running at the rate of four miles per hour, to discharge an inch of water on forty acres, or six days to dispose of one-half that amount, allowing the other half to evaporation and retention in the soil; a six-inch pipe would remove this surplus water in sixteen hours, thus enabling the farmer to work his land on the day following the shower. Main drains, extending one half mile or more, should not be constructed of tiles less than six inches in diameter, while three or four-inch tile are used for branches. Small tiles are passing out of favor.

“For perfect drainage, branches should be laid from the main, on each side, once in two or four rods, depending upon condition of soil and depth of drain. The tile should be from three and a half to four feet deep. Probably four feet, all things considered, is a very satisfactory depth. Much less than this places the tile within reach of roots from some of the cereals and grasses, which may penetrate in such quantities as to entirely obstruct the passage. In laying past willows or through orchards the joints should be cemented. A very good grade for tile is one inch fall to the rod. One-half this may work if the tile be carefully laid.”

Milking Qualities.

As the milking qualities of cattle are under discussion at present, the following from the London *Livestock Journal* will serve to show what extent these are dependent upon proper treatment and training upon the part of the breeder and owner:

“A copious flow of milk, sustained through many months, is a quality which has been produced by art in domestication. Wild cattle rarely provide more than enough milk to rear their own offspring, and the flow of it is of comparatively short duration. Small in volume, the milk is rich in quality, but the lacteal organs soon dry off again. This, of course, is in harmony with the requirements of the young animals in a wild state, and is a correlation of the ruminating life and the hazardous feeding of the dams. When the rain falls it enters the soil and more or less completely displaces the air which is contained within its pores. Thus, air either descends to the drains or rises into the atmosphere. When the rains cease the water as it sinks again leaves the pores of the upper soil open, and fresh air consequently follows.” Thus, when under-drains exist, not only does every shower deposit its fertilizing ammonia, but it serves to force the fresh air through the pores, which produces conditions so healthful to vegetation.

“It should be observed that the theory that the soil is exhausted because it does not produce large crops, is obsolete. Only a small portion of the material is in a condition to become food for plants; the remainder is locked up in insoluble compounds, which are reduced by the alternate action of air and water. The soil, freed from the constant presence of water, becomes gradually looser, more friable, and sweeter. The hard lumps crumble and the subsoil becomes more porous, and is penetrated by the deep rooting corn and clover; and when these decay, spaces are left for water and air.

“2. Coldness of soil due largely to the water it contains; remove this and the temperature is raised from eight to ten degrees, which means a lengthening of the season about twenty days, or what is equivalent—the hastening of the crop. In some portions of Scotland, when a system of under-draining has been carried out, especially in Abergavenny, it has been observed that the crops mature, upon an average, ten days earlier than twenty-five

deal to do with her milking powers; quick and silent hand-milking does the rest. The practice of hand milking cows has all along tended greatly to the development of the lacteal glands, and this development has become hereditary in our best milking breeds. The ewes of the Larzac breed of sheep, from whose milk the famous Roquefort cheese is made in France, have been hand-milked for generations, so that their milking properties are now considerable and inherited. By repeatedly exciting the teats it is even possible to cause an animal that has never borne offspring to yield a small quantity of milk, and a cow sometimes remains barren several years after having had a calf, giving a profitable quantity of milk all the while.”

The Price of Beef.

The Commissioner of Agriculture, in his last report, just published, gives some interesting information regarding the advance in the price of beefs. He says:

“A comparison of Chicago prices of beefs of different grades for six years shows a constant decline from 1876 to 1879 amounting to 20 per cent. for choice beefs during this period. Then commenced a rise which in three years exceeded 40 per cent., the advance moving slowly in 1879 and 1880, but much more rapidly during 1881, the increase being fully \$1 per hundred of live weight during the year. But since the 1st of July the advance has been unprecedented, the range being from \$5.75 to \$7.00 in 1879, and from \$8.65 to \$9.00 in June, or more than 45 per cent advance upon the prices of six months ago. In butchers' stock, the range has been from \$2.75 to \$2.25 in January, and from \$3.50 to \$4.00 in June, the latter being a reduction on May prices.

“The cause of this great advance, which has occasioned some surprise among producers and great consternation among consumers, has been often asked of late. There are several. The exportation of extra beefs, which commenced in 1877 and increased year by year, both as live and dead meat, is an element, but does not account for the spasmodic jumps in the rate of recent months. Another cause of equal or superior strength is the great destruction of cattle on the plains, in the parks and valleys of the Rocky mountains in the winter of 1880-81, by cold and starvation, amid the drifts and severities of the unusual season. While this was very favorable, as the past winter was very favorable and the numbers are now increasing rather than diminishing. The third cause, acting in conjunction with the two preceding, with a cumulative effect, is the failure of the last corn crop, the high price of feeding material altogether producing an excitement in the market that partakes of the nature of panic, such as exists in all markets to-day and threatens another era of loss of confidence, hoarding and stagnation. These are assumed causes assigned by uninformed writers which are baseless or without appreciable weight, such as the recent drowning of cattle in the Mississippi. It is true there was some local loss in numbers but not in the prospective beef supply of the great markets, or appreciable in the home supply, as beef is scarcely a product of cotton plantation. What of the future price? It is clear that a season of abundance of the staple, and especially a good corn crop, would cause an immediate decline. If another short crop is gathered prices will continue to be high. Already the effect is seen in reduced consumption, tending to an increase of supply and reduction of rates. While prices can not continue to increase and can not be permanently maintained under full harvests, it is probable that the low rates of a few years ago will not soon prevail, if ever. The general tendency throughout the world is toward a high rate of meat compared with grain and other annual products.

Washing Wool.

A correspondent of the *National Livestock Journal* has quite a sensible article on washing wool on the sheep's back, which reiterates many of the reasons given in the FARMER why such a useless and really cruel practice should be discontinued. He says:

“I believe it can be shown that it pays all parties in interest best to quit washing the wool on the sheep's back. It is rarely done with anything like thoroughness, and just in proportion as it is so done, it injures the sheep. Instances are frequent where sheep have died soon after leaving the water—the writer in one season lost two fine specimens of long wooled ewes from no cause but washing alone—and any observing man will agree that every flock immediately after washing presents an appearance to justify the opinion that they have suffered injury, rather than received benefit by the operation. I insist that it is economy of the sheep's health to avoid the water, and that it is hurtful to any animal so delicately constituted to immerse them for a sufficient time to cleanse the wool.

“Nature and experience teach this. It seems almost like sousing a man into a stream to cleanse his garments; and while there are instances of this kind that might be excused, the practice is not likely to ever become general. The practice of washing and shearing is as various in times and modes as the habits, tastes, conveniences, and necessities of the breeders are various. Some wash, and never let to exceed a week intervene between that and shearing. Others wash, and if a month passes before shearing, all the better; while the majority fluctuate between the points described, but it is all washed wool, and generally brings the market price for washed wool.”

“Heavy milking properties, then, are artificial, in the sense that they have been developed under domestication, and by careful breeding, for a given end; yet, like many other qualities, which are little more than mere germs in nature, they become hereditary by long usage. Few sorts of animals, if any, are more susceptible than cattle of being moulded into what we want; no physical quality is so easily trained and developed as that of giving milk. It is a function which, constantly varying of itself, can be swayed or extended at will. By means of intelligent training, kind treatment, and intelligent breeding, it can be developed and made hereditary; an opposite system keeps it in a state of nature. The habits of a cow, and the food she receives, have a great

deal to do with her milking powers; quick and silent hand-milking does the rest. The practice of hand milking cows has all along tended greatly to the development of the lacteal glands, and this development has become hereditary in our best milking breeds. The ewes of the Larzac breed of sheep, from whose milk the famous Roquefort cheese is made in France, have been hand-milked for generations, so that their milking properties are now considerable and inherited. By repeatedly exciting the teats it is even possible to cause an animal that has never borne offspring to yield a small quantity of milk, and a cow sometimes remains barren several years after having had a calf, giving a profitable quantity of milk all the while.”

Agricultural Items.

A bushel of potatoes is worth 30 to 40 cts. for the starch it contains. On an average potatoes contain 15 to 17 per cent. of starch; some kinds—that are well grown, thoroughly ripened, heavy, and free from disease—contain 20 to 25 per cent.

EASTERN farmers complain of the plenitude and thrift of the mustard plant and the white daisy, this year. In many places acre upon acre of the lowlands are golden with the former, and hillsides are white with the drift of the ox-eye. While the two plants are objects of beauty, when in bloom, in the rural landscape, they are among the most dreaded and unruly pests the farmer has to contend with, the Canada thistle not even excepted. There is also no little complaint of the cockle in the wheat.

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SICKHEADACHE.

For the relief and cure of this distressing disease, the following is recommended:

MALARIA.

Persons may avoid attacks by occasionally taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator.

BILIOUSNESS.

Persons may avoid attacks by occasionally taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator.

DYSPEPSIA.

The Regulator will positively cure this dreadful disease. We assert emphatically what we know to be true.

COLIC.

Children suffering from colic soon experience relief when Simmons Liver R. is administered.

REGULATOR.

The Regulator restores the enfeebled digestion and strengthens the overburdened blood.

“*Take a tablet of the Liver Regulator, which always relieves all the troubles incident to biliousness, state, such as Nausea, Dizziness, Distress, etc., after eating, &c.*”

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Horticultural.**RIPENING OF STRAWBERRIES IN 1882.**

Notices of New and Promising Varieties.

NO. IV.

Theo. Mulie, of unknown origin and parentage, so far as we are aware, although a feeble grower it suffers very little from sun-scald, and bears but moderately; blossoms staminate; fruit long, ovate conical; bright, glossy crimson; soft, lacks juice; sub-acid and poor in flavor. Ripe June 26th; not apparently valuable.

Cetewayo is understood to be a seedling of A. J. Caywood & Son, of N. Y. Vigor moderate; bears considerably under the heat of the sun; bears heavily; pistilate; fruit very large, very irregular, normally roundish, generally cockscomb, often triangular; dark crimson or bright scarlet; firm, very juicy, sprightly acid. Ripe June 26th. This very peculiar variety has some highly promising qualities as a market fruit.

Emma is another variety of the origin of which we have no account. It came to us from Indiana. The plant is vigorous; but is a little under a hot sun. It is a moderate bearer; staminate; fruit of medium size, varying from roundish to long conical; crimson; rather soft, juicy, acid. Ripe June 26th. From the present season's experience we regard it as of very doubtful value.

Mount Vernon (of which many esteem Kirkwood a synonym) is a vigorous grower, but browns more or less in the sun; it is a heavy bearer; staminate. Fruit rather large, conical, rounded; bright crimson; moderately firm; very juicy; mild acid. It is, by very many, rated as a market fruit. Ripe June 26th.

Belle, a seedling of John B. Moore, of Massachusetts, is hardy and vigorous, and bears heavily; staminate; fruit very large; roundish to ovate, compressed, irregular, dark crimson, moderately firm; very juicy; sub-acid. A showy market fruit. The chief doubt is as to its being sufficiently productive. Ripe June 26th.

Arnold's No. 3, Col. Cheney, Frontenac, Great American, Matilda, Springfield, Trounce de Grand and Walden ripened with the foregoing on June 26th.

Sharpless has now come to be so generally known that description seems unnecessary. It is vigorous and hardy enough to suit the most exacting; but it must be admitted that it needs high culture to render it satisfactorily productive. It is staminate; the fruit is large, but it only rarely puts on the broad blunt form our first pictures gave it, unless coaxed a little, when it readily puts on the cockscomb shape. It is a fine, not very dark crimson; rather soft, cannot be readily kept fresh, or transported far; moderately juicy; mild sub-acid; can hardly be called rich in flavor. Ripe June 26th. We do not think it can take and hold a high position as a market fruit, except, possibly, for a near market, and in the hands of specially good cultivators.

Gladale and Kentucky ripened this season with the foregoing.

Marvin, all will doubtless recollect, is a recent seedling from Ovid, Clinton Co., Michigan. Complaint has been made that it fails under a hot sun at the East; but that as it may, it stands perfectly here, and, though the plant is only moderately vigorous, it has with us set and matured more and larger fruit, this season, as well as heretofore, than any other of the well-known popular varieties usually planted. It blooms very late, even this season, after all danger from frost was past. It only ripened its first fruits on the 28th of June, and we picked perfect, plump and fresh specimens as late as the 20th of July. Under ordinary culture the fruit rarely becomes cockscomb, is one of the very largest berries we know; very bright in color; firm, juicy, sprightly sub-acid. Where it will bear the sun we rate it second to none of the popular sorts, as a late market berry. Staminate.

Phenomena came into our hands for trial a year since. We have no account of its origin. It seems lacking in vigor on a light soil, and bears but lightly; staminate; fruit large, truncate conical, inclined to cockscomb; glossy crimson and scarlet; rather soft; juice abundant; mild sub-acid, pleasant. Ripe June 28th. If desirable at all it must be on account of extreme lateness.

Seedling Eliza can by no means be called a new variety, it is an importation from England. It has this season produced some enormously large berries, which ripened on about June 23d. It is hardy, vigorous, productive; staminate; fruit large, roundish conical to roundish compressed; bright to dark crimson; firm, juicy; mild acid, sprightly, pleasant.

Sucker State was also planted a year since for trial; origin, to us, unknown; it bears but slightly from sun-scald; is vigorous, but so far decidedly unproductive; staminate; fruit of medium size, conical rounded; crimson; firm, moderately juicy, mild acid. Ripe June 29th. To be valuable it must greatly improve in productivity.

The President then called on A. G. Guley for remarks. Mr. G. could not see much chance to find fault, but he was in favor of training grapes on trellises and did not like the stake system. The plums looked well but were trained too high.

D. C. Lovelady was next called and said that his idea of a location for a plum orchard was to put it on land that was too wet for any other fruit. He considered this a good location. Did not agree with Mr. Sheffer about English sparrows eating the fruit. They never go out into the country but remain in villages and towns.

Rev. A. C. Merritt was called and responded in quite a lengthy and very interesting speech well worthy the occasion, and we only regret that we are not able to report it full, but can only give a portion of it: "While looking over this pleasant home I at once decided that Mr. Monroe had been working a plan to beautify it as well as to raise fruit, and those who were here to-day could learn of him and do likewise. The life of the fruit-grower

SOUTH HAVEN AND CASCO POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Reported for the Michigan Farmer.

[Delayed Letter.] *

SOUTH HAVEN, August 4th, 1882.

This society held its regular weekly picnic festival, July 29th, at the residence of C. J. Monroe, about one mile south-east of the village. The day was all that could be desired, cool and pleasant without dust or excessive heat. The attendance was very large, yet there was plenty of room for all, in-doors and out.

Perhaps it is not generally known that this fruit, dairy and grain farm embraces 264 acres of choice arable land, and combines these three branches of business to a large extent. Although ever since Mr. Monroe chopped the first five acres, with his own hands, fruit growing has been his chief aim and desire; yet he has cleared nearly all of this land, raised farm crops, and for the last six years has kept a dairy of about 25 cows, selling the milk in the village. When we consider that during this time, while clearing, underdraining and other improvements have been going on, a neat and commodious farm house, with all the necessary arrangements for the milk dairy—and that they are not a few—together with a very large and convenient barn for the accommodation of the cows, horses and hogs, with ample room for the hay and grain, also a barn for the work teams and farm implements, and a tool and seed house have been built, all will agree that this has been a great work for one individual to accomplish in so short a time and in such a thorough manner.

Of course it is not to be expected that this is all yet planted to fruit, but this is to be the chief business and will be extended just as fast as the land can be fitted for it, for, as every one knows, Mr. Monroe plants fruit trees only on soils adapted to that fruit and thoroughly prepared.

Twenty-five acres are now planted to fruit, comprising 800 apple, 1,600 peach, 100 cherry, 450 plum, 200 pear trees and 1,000 grape vines.

President Lannin appointed B. H. Dyckman, S. G. Sheffer and N. Phillips a committee to report what they saw and find all the fruit they could.

Mr. Monroe then started for the orchards, followed by the committee and others. After returning to the house, where seats had been placed on the shady lawn in front of the house, the President called on Mr. B. H. Dyckman, chairman of the B. H. Committee.

Mr. Dyckman said he had supposed that these Saturday afternoon picnics were for recreation and amusement, but he thought it also a good opportunity to learn very much of pomology and farming. The large barn for the accommodation of the cows was complete in every department and a model in all its arrangements.

The perfect care and extreme cleanliness observed in this neat and comfortable barn would almost make one wish to be one of Mr. Monroe's cows. The grapevines, consisting of 1,000 vines—500 Concords, 300 Delaware, and the balance Ionas, Eu-melias and several others—looked well and the Concords were bearing a full crop of fruit, while the other varieties had only a very few. The whole vineyard is enclosed with a wire screen for the purpose of keeping the hen in when wanted and also to keep them out when the fruit begins to ripen. The 25 acres now planted to fruit has over two miles of three inch tile drain, from 3 to 3½ feet deep, put in at a great cost, yet it pays in the fruit.

Mr. S. G. Sheffer, the next on the committee, was surprised at the extent of underdraining that had been done in so short a time. The barn for the dairy was a model for neatness and convenience. The patent hay fork hung on a transway, for carrying the hay from the wagon to every part of the barn, was a necessary institution. The grapevines with its wire screen was a fine thing and gave promise of a good crop. The cultivation was very good; the vines being trained to stakes and worked both ways by horse labor. The peach trees were all looking very well, two and three years planted and only discovered one case of the yellows. The packing house, also the seed and tool houses were models of order and convenience. The location of the plum orchard was not, in his opinion, a favorable one as to soil. The sub soil was not strong enough to bear heavy crops of fruit. Some of the peaches that were never ripe had been pecked by the birds; he believed it to be the work of the English sparrow. The laws protected the birds but we needed protection from the mischievous sparrow. There were 55 acres of corn on the southeast part but pomologists did not think they had time to walk so far. This farm, in all its completeness and detail, was one of the finest and most desirable in Van Buren County.

Norman Phillips, also one of the committee, had some things to say but the other members of the committee had said them, and that was sufficient. He would, however, remark that he did not approve of Mr. Monroe's method of tying up his grape vines to the posts with straw, they were too tight and injured the vines. He preferred trellises to stakes. The plum orchard was good, and was making a fine late.

Next the pale blue Hepaticas catches some pulsation of the heart of Mother Earth, which sets in motion the tide of life and beneath the dead and sodden leaves, crowded closely together, as seeking courage in companionship, the sharp-eyed searcher discovers the compact cluster of downy buds, which have been betrayed by the large three-lobed evergreen leaves, browned by winter weather. A warm shower, a day or two of spring sunshine, and the blue blossom, with its heart treasure of pale yellow stamens, is turned heavenward, regardless of what chill days follow after. Under the carpet of pine needles, check by jowl with the glossy leaves of the wintergreen and the ruby red of its shriveled berries, the Trailing Arbutus prepares its pink ascension robes, and its sweet and powerful fragrance, essentially "woody," fills the air, mingling with the resinous odor of pine, and the scents of the reviving earth.

"One very successful experiment with out-door cuttings of the grape was performed by allowing the canes to remain on the mother vines until the buds had started a growth of one-half inch or more and the leaves had begun to unfold; every eye was separated, the old wood placed entirely below the soil, the new growth just appearing above the ground, shaded careful-ly, with a result of full eighty per cent. of vines."

"In the usual manner of preparing cuttings greater success follows when the cuttings are taken off immediately on the fall of the leaf before freezing, when they should immediately be packed away in moss or soil until time for planting in spring."

Horticultural Notes.

for more than one-half of the year is one of excessive toil, yet he has a greater joy in pursuit of the pleasant occupation of fruit growing than can be found in most other callings. Those who come after him will reap many of the benefits of this outlay of labor and money. The unsightly places have been redeemed and all the surroundings made pleasant as well as profitable. He felt that it was good for us to be here to-day and that we were well paid for our time.

Mr. C. J. Monroe then remarked that these Saturday afternoon picnics are very pleasant and sociable, but it was impossible for him to attend them for it was his busiest day of the week. He was farming in connection with fruit growing because he loved it, not because it was profitable. Although he had not as yet brought his place up to the standard of what he had aimed to do from the first, yet he hoped to be able to something better to show the Society in the near future when they came again.

The ladies then brought out a bounteous repast of biscuit, cake, coffee, and many other good things which were very acceptable.

J. G. RAMSEY, Sec'y.

MICHIGAN WILD FLOWERS.

In the southern and older portions of our State the native flora has, within the last score of years, been much diminished by the rapid removal of forests, the drainage of marsh lands, and the inevitable changes incident to agricultural progress. Many species of wild flowers which once grew abundantly are now found only in isolated situations, others have disappeared entirely. Many small sheets of water, "ponds" as they were styled, which helped gain for Michigan its early second edition of the *Everglades of Florida*, have disappeared entirely, less, I suppose, than a single day, by drainage than by that slow but sure process of "drying up" which follows the clearing away of adjacent forests which had retarded evaporation, and with them have gone numbers of indigenous plants, especially those which love dampness and shade, for after the plowshare has once severed their slender root-hold, they vanish as finally as yesterday's dew.

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The Michigan Farmer

—AND—

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1882.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

The Great Agricultural Paper of Michigan,
and the WEEKLY

POST & TRIBUNE

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POST & TRIBUNE CO.,
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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 53,053 bu, while the shipments were 80,338 bu. The visible supply of this grain on August 5 was 15,139,665 bu, against 17,539,905 bu, at the corresponding date in 1881. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,565,717 bu. The exports to Europe for the week ending August 5 were 3,441,276 bu, against 3,479,745 bu the previous week, and for the past eight weeks they were 13,307,197 bu, against 14,662,765 bu for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The stocks of wheat in this city on Saturday amounted to 104,839 bu, against 173,023 last week, and 236,018 bu, at the corresponding date in 1881.

The business in breadstuffs, so far as this city is concerned, has dwindled to very small proportions as compared with one year ago. While receipts have been very light of both wheat and flour, the demands have also decreased, and the market has been dull and sluggish all week. The wild statements of the press in regard to the immense crop of wheat has caused a weaker feeling in the British markets, and buyers are apparently convinced that all they have to do is to wait long enough, when they can secure all the stock they want at their own prices. Hence the English markets are quoted dull and weak at a decline from the rates ruling a week ago. This is largely the work of the daily and commercial press, aided by the big stories of railroad land agents who have land to sell, and will cost the country many thousands of dollars this year.

The course of our local market has been downward on futures, but spot wheat kept up from its positive scarcity until yesterday, when the market was very quiet and spot declined under advices from other points.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from July 31st, when new wheat began to arrive, to August 14th:

	White No. 1	No. 2	No. 2½	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	No. 14
July 31.....	0 00	1 10	0 00	1 03											
Aug. 1.....	0 00	1 10	0 00	1 03											
2.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
3.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
4.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
5.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
6.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
7.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
8.....	0 00	1 00	0 00	1 04											
9.....	0 00	0 00	0 00	1 04											
10.....	0 00	0 00	0 00	1 04											
11.....	0 00	0 00	0 00	1 04											
12.....	0 00	0 00	0 00	1 04											
13.....	0 00	0 00	0 00	1 04											
14.....	0 00	0 00	1 04	1 04											

Futures have all declined, as will be seen by the following table, which gives the closing prices of the various deals each day for the past week:

	Aug. 1	Sep. 1	Oct. 1	Nov. 1
Tuesday.....	1 07	1 06½	1 05½	1 04½
Wednesday.....	1 06½	1 04½	1 04½	1 04½
Thursday.....	1 06½	1 04½	1 04½	1 04½
Friday.....	1 06½	1 04½	1 04½	1 04½
Saturday.....	1 06	1 06	1 06	1 06
Monday.....	1 06	1 06	1 06	1 06

The first authentic intelligence that has been published respecting the Russian crop this season appears in the following summary of reports made by Governors of the different provinces:

Eaterinoslav—Spring wheat satisfactory; winter wheat suffered from drought.

Volhynia—For crops expected, although in several districts there has been serious damage by hail storms.

Kamianets-Podilskyi—Wheat satisfactory, except in the Balto district.

Bessarabia—Winter wheat average; spring wheat unfavorable.

Kieff—Winter wheat in good condition.

Mayhyloff—Winter wheat good; spring thin.

Poltaiva—Winter wheat small yield expected.

Taurida, Charkow, Cherson—Winter wheat very unsatisfactory, bad.

The last three provinces are among the heaviest wheat growing sections in that empire. The reports show that a crop below an average one is all that is looked for. As Russia is the principal competitor of the United States in the British and Continental markets, the outcome of her crop will affect the market in those countries.

Barley shows no movement in this market as yet, neither receipts nor shipments being reported the past week. It would be difficult to give prices at which this grain could be marketed, as values could only be determined by actual sales. In Chicago new barley has been selling the past week at 90¢ per bu for No. 2, 75¢ for No. 3, and 55¢ for No. 5. In futures No. 2 for September delivery sold at 90¢ per bu, and No. 3 for October at 70¢. The old crop is about exhausted, the visible supply on August 5 being 57,542 bu, against 126,573 bu at the corresponding date in 1881. The new crop is expected to be a full average one, with the quality more or less injured by the recent rains. The range of values will probably be steady at about a fair average.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn here the past week amounted to only 514 bu, and the shipments were 6,451 bu. The visible supply in the country on August 5 amounted to 6,193,078 bu, against 15,898,283 bu at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 506,231 bu, against 17,793,752 bu for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 90,970 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 34,923 bu, against 35,413 last week, and 2,493 at the corresponding date in 1881. There has been but little movement in corn the past week, receipts having dwindled down to almost nothing, and the demand being very limited. Prices are higher than a week ago, No. 2 selling at 80¢ per bu on Saturday.

The butter market is in much the same condition as a week ago, and there is no change to note in prices. For the best selections arriving 20¢ still the top of the market, while 18 to 19¢ per lb. is the most that can be obtained for choice lots. The receipts are not large, but as there is no shipping demand and the weather anything but favorable, there is a dull feeling in the trade. In Chicago the market shows some improvement for the upper grades. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery 23 to 24¢, fair to choice do 20 to 22¢, choice dairy 18 to 20¢, and fair to good at 16 to 17¢ per lb. In New York the market is in an unsettled state, with large stocks accumulating and no outlet, as shippers are not operating to any extent. The rates of the best grades, however, keep steady, and are about the same as ruled a week ago, fancy State creamery being quoted there at 25 to 26¢ per lb., choice creamery at 24¢, fair to good at 22 to 23¢, and ordinary at 20 to 21¢. In Chicago the market shows some improvement for the upper grades. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery 23 to 24¢, fair to choice do 20 to 22¢, choice dairy 18 to 20¢, and fair to good at 16 to 17¢ per lb. In New York the market is in an unsettled state, with large stocks accumulating and no outlet, as shippers are not operating to any extent. The rates of the best grades, however, keep steady, and are about the same as ruled a week ago, fancy State creamery being quoted there at 25 to 26¢ per lb., choice creamery at 24¢, fair to good at 22 to 23¢, and ordinary at 20 to 21¢. In Chicago the market shows some improvement for the upper grades. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery 23 to 24¢, fair to choice do 20 to 22¢, choice dairy 18 to 20¢, and fair to good at 16 to 17¢ per lb. In New York the market is in an unsettled state, with large stocks accumulating and no outlet, as shippers are not operating to any extent. The rates of the best grades, however, keep steady, and are about the same as ruled a week ago, fancy State creamery being quoted there at 25 to 26¢ per lb., choice creamery at 24¢, fair to good at 22 to 23¢, and ordinary at 20 to 21¢.

The sheep trade is in much the same condition as the cattle market. The demand is now for sheep that will make mutton, the value of the pelt being of little consideration. The west is furnishing a class of sheep that will make mutton, and doing it at a much less rate than our farmers can afford to. There is always a large demand in the fall from the east, for Michigan sheep to feed, and while we deprecate the custom of our farmers sending feeders to the market, yet if some insist on doing so, we would advise them to hold off on the present.

The hog market is in much the same condition as the cattle market. The demand is now for sheep that will make mutton, the value of the pelt being of little consideration. The west is furnishing a class of sheep that will make mutton, and doing it at a much less rate than our farmers can afford to. There is always a large demand in the fall from the east, for Michigan sheep to feed, and while we deprecate the custom of our farmers sending feeders to the market, yet if some insist on doing so, we would advise them to hold off on the present.

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AUGUST 15, 1882.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

5

out and precipitating the little girl upon the dashboard. The horse ran, and one of the child's feet became fast in the wheel, so much that it was literally torn from her ankle.

General News.

The appropriations passed by the late legislature Congress footed up \$293,500,000.

Rishop Lafache of Three Rivers, Ont., has forbidden the ladies of his church to wear hats.

Over 600 druggists in Iowa have thrown out of their business and take out no granules.

The great trotter St. Julian has broken a splint, and is "under treatment" at Milwaukee.

Treasure White, of Newberry County, S. C., recently absconded with \$18,000, but he has been captured.

Last week the house of George Harding, at Frost City, Minnesota, was burned, and two children were lost.

J. S. Hunter, a notary, of Montreal, Canada, is defunter to the amount of \$100,000, with no assets.

The Massachusetts prohibitionists have circulated a State ticket headed by Charles Dury for Governor.

Elias Buel, aged 80, was fatally gored by a bull at Bristol, Vt., last week, while turning the animal to water.

During the month of July gold in the United States treasury decreased \$3,414,799 and silver increased \$1,887,083.

The United States Monocacy is said to be preparing around the Corse for a suitable place to establish an American colony.

Two youths fought a duel about a girl in Franklin, Ga., last week. One of them, named Charley Harris, was killed.

F. E. Munn, an extensive butter and cheese manufacturer, of Belvidere, Illinois, has accumulated with liabilities about \$15,000; no assets.

The late storms in Northern Ohio are said to have been the severest ever known, and did great damage to the oat and corn crops.

A immense cave, rivaling the Mammoth of Kentucky, is reported to have been found on the farm of Rudolph Rau, near Ripon's Ferry.

Gen. B. Hamilton, book-keeper of the Farmers' Bank of Wyoming, Ill., has absconded with \$5,000 of the bank's money. He is only 19 years old.

No appropriation having been made for the National Guard of Health, that concern is especially troubled. The clerks have all been discharged.

Gen. J. K. Warren, who at various times commanded the Second and Fifth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, died at Newport, R. I., last week.

The widow of the late Gov. Washburn, of Minnesota, will bring suit to secure one-third of his immense estate, which will greatly reduce his public bequests.

Buffalo Bill has sold his Nebraska ranch, which, with branches, is to cost \$30,000,000.

The British troops in Egypt now number 25,000, and it is probable business will soon get more lively.

Stephen J. Meany, correspondent of the New York Star in Ireland, has been arrested under the repression act.

The Sultan has finally signed an order declaring Arabi a rebel, and authorizing the landing of Turkish troops in Egypt.

The Greek Government has appointed a commission to go to England and contract for the construction of a number of powerful war vessels.

Of 650 Chilian soldiers in the garrison at Chelcayo, Peru, 300 have died of yellow fever. The disease is spreading throughout the country.

Affairs in Tripoli are reported to be in a critical condition. The natives believe the Porte will send out an army to drive out the French, and they talk boldly of a massacre of all the Christians.

By an unusual explosion of a barrel of gunpowder in a tradesman's shop near a schoolhouse in Grodno, Russia, almost all the children in the schoolhouse, who were Jews, were killed. A large number of bodies were taken from the ruins. The windows and doors of the church and other buildings in the neighborhood were shattered.

A dispatch from Jamaica says Westgate, the self-confessed assassin of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Burke, has arrived there, and evidence implicating him in the crime is strong.

Suits for damages have been begun against the steward Sciotto by the administrators of those who perished in the late explosion of that vessel with the Lomas on the Ohio River, July 4th.

The footings of the school census shows a population of Chicago, not including sailors of 962,000. Including sailors, who are a difficult class to enumerate, the population will be nearly 575,000.

John Maguire, a dog-catcher of New York city, was attacked by some boys with stones while attempting to capture their dogs. He shot one of the boys named Doyle dead, and then cleared out.

On the 9,000 authorized Canada Pacific, \$5,000,000 have been taken up, and of these it is said \$5,000,000 have been taken by the Duke of Manchester Company, and the rest by parties in Canada.

The health inspector at Brownsville, Tex., reports to the National Board of Health that there are 62 cases and 12 deaths from yellow fever in that city. Three cases have been reported at New Orleans.

A new attempt is to be made to relieve the flooded mines of the Comstock lode from these mines, which cover nearly two miles of ground, are idle, and the costly machinery is rusting from dampness and lack of use.

Twenty-five Apaches, caught by the Mexican troops, were publicly shot at Chihuahua, last week. If this kind of business is kept up we will be able to reduce the appropriations for the interior department very materially.

At Brownsville, Texas, 21 Mexicans and four Americans have developed cases of yellow fever. The opinion of physicians is that the fever material is exhausting. There are eight deaths and several new cases in Matamoras.

Charles Paine of Elkhart, Ind., committed suicide last week by taking morphine. He was in the employ of the Lake Erie Railroad Company, and a nephew of Charles Paine, who was formerly superintendent of the road.

The first 400 foot span of the Northern Pacific bridge over the Missouri River at Bismarck, Dak., was finished Saturday. The bridge, when completed in October next, will be over 1,300 feet long, 73 feet above the river.

The Rev. Joseph Bartlett, a retired Congregationalist minister of Gorham, Me., committed suicide last week by drowning in Little River, while temporarily insane. He was a brother of Samuel C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College.

The Lehigh Valley is said to be overrun by Hungarians, Poles, Russians and Italians, and now the Turks are putting in an appearance. The foreign cheap labor element is rapidly increasing, and crowding out American workmen.

At Dayton, Ohio, on Friday last, the wife of Harry Morse, who was poisoned in consequence of drinking coffee containing arsenic. Three of her children are the result of death from the same cause. It is believed the poison was put in the coffee by a female servant.

A new bullet proof treasure car has been put on the Southern Pacific. One part is made for carrying money and the other for carrying armed guards. This has been done to protect the passage of Miss Morse and her brothers from the Minnesota State Prison.

A band of raiding Apaches are committing great outrages in Sonora, Mex. They have tortured a mining ranch near Guyasamas, burned the houses and massacred all the residents, including women and children. They also ambuscaded a scouting party of fourteen ranchers on the Yaquin River and killed 12 of them.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Disease.

No fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some puffed up, pretended cure.

At Chicago, last week, a man named Richard Petersen, being反射 of the wife of Miss Frederica Kirchenmeier, by the girl's father, became enraged, shot Frederica and her friend, Miss Frances Morse, and then committed suicide. Miss Kirchenmeier has since died, but it is hoped Miss Morse will recover.

Chas. A. Vogeler, of the firm of Vogeler & Co., proprietors of the patent medicine known as St. Jacob's Oil, died in Baltimore.

STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS OF 1882.

Name of Society.	Where Held	Date of Fair.	Secretary.	Address.
MICHIGAN STATE AG'L SOCY.	JACKSON	SEPT. 18 to 23.	J. C. STERLING	MONROE, Grand Rapids.
Michigan State Ag'l Soc'y.	Columbus	Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.	W. H. Gardell	Monroe.
Ohio State Agricultural Society.	Toledo	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	J. W. Gandy	Toledo.
Tri-State Fair Association.	Indianaapolis	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	John Farley	Indianapolis.
Indiana Agricultural Society.	Indianapolis	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	Alexander Heron	Indianapolis.
North Western Agricultural Society.	Grand Rapids	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	P. A. Johnson	Grand Rapids.
Western Michigan Agric'l Society.	Ypsilanti	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	John Cox	Ypsilanti.
Eastern Mich. Agricultural Society.	Ypsilanti	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	Frank Joslin	Ypsilanti.
Central Mich. Agricultural Society.	Lansing	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	W. H. Woodward	Lansing.
Illinoian Agricultural Society.	Springfield	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	D. Fisher	Springfield.
Wisconsin Agricultural Society.	Fond du Lac	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	Geo. E. Bryant	Madison.
Iowa Agricultural Society.	Dubuque	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	Ed. Moines	Fairfield.
Missouri Agricultural Society.	St. Louis	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	W. H. Thompson	St. Louis.
Nebraska Agricultural Society.	Omaha	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	John Wheeler	Portsmouth.
Kansas Agricultural Society.	Topeka	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	W. H. Wheeler	Topeka.
Texas Agricultural Society.	Austin	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	John Johnson	Austin.
Montana Agr. & Mech. Association.	Helena	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	P. A. Johnson	Minneapolis.
Toronto (Canada) Exposition.	Toronto, Ont.	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	O. F. Jackson	Toronto.
South Dakota Agricultural Society.	Sioux City	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	H. C. Pray	Sioux City.
Grand Traverse County Agricultural Society.	Traverse City	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	John Hickok	Traverse City.
Genesee County Agricultural Society.	Flint	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	F. M. Holloway	Hillsdale.
Hillsdale County Agricultural Society.	Hillsdale	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	John Hickok	Hillsdale.
Ingham County Agricultural Society.	East Lansing	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	E. L. Rowley	Jonia.
Lenawee County Agricultural Society.	Adrian	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	B. Mann	Adrian.
Livingston County Agricultural Society.	Howell	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	W. H. Howell	Howell.
Macomb County Agricultural Society.	Rufus	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	W. H. R. Glavin	Ludington.
Montcalm County Agricultural Society.	Stanley	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	P. S. Dodge	Stanley.
Manistee County Agricultural Society.	Bear Lake	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	G. W. Estes	Bear Lake.
Oceana County Agricultural Society.	Pontiac	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	Noah Tyler	Pontiac.
Oceana County Agricultural Society.	Hart	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	E. D. Richmond	Hart.
Oscoda County Agricultural Society.	Evart	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	Samuel Cross	Centerline.
Osceola County Agricultural Society.	Watervliet	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	C. A. Hart	Watervliet.
Tuscola County Agricultural Society.	Van Buren	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	C. H. Hayes	Paw Paw.
Washtenaw County Agricultural Society.	Hadley	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	G. W. Cranton	Hadley.
Eaton Rapids Union.	Eaton Rapids	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	A. Osborne	Eaton Rapids.
Union County Agricultural Society.	Litchfield	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	S. B. Agard	Litchfield.
Plainwell (Allegan County) Union.	Plainwell	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	W. H. Hooper	Plainwell.
North Branch.	North Branch	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1.	F. S. Porter	North Branch.

COUNTY FAIRS OF 1882.

Name of Society.	Where Held	Date of Fair.	Secretary.	Address.
Armed Forces County Agricultural Society.	Armenia	Oct. 1 to 6.	J. E. Barringer	Armenia.
Branch do do	Coldwater	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	E. T. Bennett	Bay City.
Case do do	Cassopolis	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	E. W. Fisk	Coldwater.
Calumet do do	Calumet	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	L. C. Johnson	Cassopolis.
Eaton do do	Charlotte	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	Geo. S. Woolsey	Charlotte.
Grand Traverse County Agricultural Society.	Traverse City	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	Eck Pray	Traverse City.
Genesee do do	Flint	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	O. F. Jackson	Traverse City.
Hillsdale do do	Hillsdale	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	F. M. Holloway	Hillsdale.
Ingham do do	East Lansing	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	John Hickok	East Lansing.
Lenawee do do	Adrian	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	E. L. Rowley	Jonia.
Livingston do do	Howell	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	W. H. Howell	Howell.
Macomb do do	Rufus	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	W. H. R. Glavin	Ludington.
Montcalm do do	Stanley	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	P. S. Dodge	Stanley.
Manistee do do	Bear Lake	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	G. W. Estes	Bear Lake.
Oceana do do	Pontiac	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	Noah Tyler	Pontiac.
Oscoda do do	Hart	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	E. D. Richmond	Hart.
Osceola do do	Watervliet	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	C. A. Hart	Watervliet.
Tuscola do do	Van Buren	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	C. H. Hayes	Paw Paw.
Washtenaw do do	Hadley	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	G. W. Cranton	Hadley.
Eaton Rapids Union.	Eaton Rapids	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	A. Osborne	Eaton Rapids.
Union County Agricultural Society.	Litchfield	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	S. B. Agard	Litchfield.
Plainwell (Allegan County) Union.	Plainwell	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	W. H. Hooper	Plainwell.
North Branch.	North Branch	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2.	F. S. Porter	North Branch.

HERCULES POWDER FOR SALE.



Contracts Taken for Removing Stumps.

J. E. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Contractor and Agent, ADRIAN, MICH.

an 15-16 in.

RUE'S PATENT
POTATO
DIGGER.
M'D BY
W. G. HOWE & CO.,
HAMILTON, O.
Send for Circular."SHARPLESS"
Strawberry Plants.

Poetry.

SONG OF THE PLOW.

BY WILL E. CARLETON.

Ye drawing-rooms and palaces, I recognize your splendors,
Your ladies bright and beautiful—the power of their defenders;
The while I creep across the field, and toil for man's existence,
And see his roofs and m' inarts that sparkle in the distance.
But well 'tis knowned that in the soil your best foundations be;
What would you do, what could you do, and were it not for me?
Unless I force the darkness where the golden grain has birth,
Your beauty and your brightness will go crumbing to the earth!

So drawing room and palaces,
Lay by your social failacies,
And listen for a moment, till you've heard the cheerful song
Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!

Ye rumbling manufactoryes, that loom as bold as mountains,
And send your streams of smoke aloft in raven, colored emanations,

I see you temer gream, in flakes of cinders
Morning, evening, I strike a spark of flinty fire, the bright salute resounding;

But think, how closely coupled in our varied works
Are we;

What would you make, what could you make, and were it not for me?

I build you and I feed you, and your servant's all I keep;

My stalks and blossoms toll for you when others are asleep.

To recognize my royalty
In honest, earnest loyalty,

And see a banished scepter in the sharp and gleaming prong

Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along.

Ye sailors of the argosies that miles of ocean measure,

Trade's never ceasing pendulums are swinging to your pleasure,

Your cities decked with spire and dome, in spite of waves and weather,

Go travelling from shore to shore, a thousand leagues together!

And yet from my unceasing toil your grandeur is not free.

Where would you sail, where could you sail, and were it not for me?

But little might those gallant flights to you or others yield

If 'twas n't for my voyages across the fertile field.

So share my grim emotions,

Gallant plowman of the oceans,

And ring out a jolly chorus, and we'll make it loud and strong,

For the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!

Ye potestates of merchandise, ye traders and ye bankers,

Into whose capacious harbors wealth is casting all its anchors;

I bow to your magnificence—I like your brain and daring;

I know your table luxuries, the jewels you are wearing!

But lay aside your vanity this humble truth to see,

What would you own, what could you own, and were it not for me?

Look well, I clothe the fallen lands and feed the cattle fold;

You will not wear your iron, and you cannot eat your gold;

So drop all needless vanity,

Good cash boys of humanity;

For your success is fastened with a never-breaking thong

To the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!

Ye legislators, governors and dignitaries awful,

Who make receipts for keeping men respectable and lawful,

Ye teachers and yo preachers, and you who the presses borrow,

To raise your heroes high to-day and pull them down to-morrow;

Ye workers in all sorts of brain, on one affair agree;

How woud you rule, low could you rule, and were it not for me?

The monarch of this western world would have marched behind the plow;

The boys who yet shall be the same are in the furrow now!

So bow thy utility

You of brain of ability.

And make me first and foremost of the great progressive throng,

Yes, the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along.

Though simple my biography, 'twould fill out many pages;

I was within a tree-top born in very distant ages;

They dragged me in my infancy o'er sleeping hill and hollow,

But when I wnt prosperity was ever sure to follow.

Rich harvests were the children of this bunting of a tree;

How envious they grow, how could they grow, and were it not for me?

So they shud me and they armed me with the metals of the mines,

Till my leins are iron-girded, and my breast with silver shines!

So crown me with sincerity

As monarch of prosperity,

And as the foremost enemy of fanlike, shame and wrong;

I'm the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along.

Miscellaneous.

WHO TOOK IT.

"Will you take charge of £20 till to-morrow morning, Marian?"

"Take charge of £20, Harold!" echoed my wife, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

I settled myself to an explanation. Explanations are things I hate; nevertheless, they are necessary sometimes. One was due on this occasion.

"You know, my dear Marian," I began, with a business-like air, "that the failure of Hardinge Brothers threw scores of men and children in the neighborhood out of work, in the very hardest part of a very bad year. This evening a meeting was held with a view to enlisting the sympathy of the public. A subscription list was got up, and a collection made there and then to the tune of £20. As nothing else could be done with the money to-night, I was, as treasurer, obliged to bring it home; and very nervous I felt, I can assure you, at coming along those lonely roads with such a sum. However, I have reached home safely, in spite of my fears, and now I shall deliver it over to you until I can get rid of it."

"And so free your mind from all responsibility," added my wife with a smile.

She knows that one of my chief weaknesses is the dread of responsibility.

"As far as possible," I replied.

We immediately went into a consultation as to where the money should be put. I suggested the meat-safe, as a place to which

thieves would never dream of going for money, but my wife pooh-poohed the idea, as several other suggestions of mine, which I thought were not so bad.

At last an idea struck her in the shape of the cupboard of the sideboard. By this means the money would be doubly safe, she argued, for the drawer might first be locked, in addition to locking the door. I looked rather contemptuously on the plan, for if the truth be told, I felt it was only due to myself to do so, since my wife treated every suggestion of mine in a similar manner.

Both of us failing to hit upon anything better, the wine-bin was agreed upon; and as I looked over my evening paper I watched her place the black japanned box in the drawer, lock it, lock the sideboard and place the key in her own purse.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

"I shouldn't think any one would get at that before to-morrow morning, for this purse goes into the well of my dressing-case to-night, and that will be locked and the keys put away in my dressing-table drawer, so we are doubly and trebly secure."

In spite of these precautions there was a load on my mind that I felt would only be removed when the money was safe in the cupboard. I envied my wife her happy insensibility, for in less than half an hour she was quietly sleeping, while I tossed restlessly to and fro, thinking about the money and wondering whether any one could possibly get at it.

At last a grand idea struck me, which was to put it inside the piano. Who would dream of searching for treasure in such a place? Whereas, what robber coming into a house would not go to a sideboard? And the very fact of finding it doubly locked would make him suspect that something was hidden there. Plainly enough, Miss Marian, with all her cleverness, had chosen the very worst place possible.

Should I go down and remove it? I knew where the keys were to be found. I had half a mind to do so, if only for the sake of quieting my mind and getting a little sleep. No doubt I should have done so had not circumstances intervened—I fell asleep.

In the meantime other cares were pressing fast upon me. In spite of a rigid examination I could discover no clue to the lost money. Of course I had been obliged to make it good, and in order to do this had drained myself of every available farthing.

These events happened at a time of year when it was impossible to call in many outstanding debts; so that after a while of desperate struggle against our unfortunate circumstances I was compelled, sorely against my will, to appeal to my father. All this while I had not been inert about the lost money, but had held several discussions with a detective. A fear of incurring additional expense had deterred me from setting him to work; but as he seemed to think that to trace the money would be the easiest thing in the world, I last asked him authority to commence a strict investigation.

From the detective I went to my father, and, plainly stating the facts, asked him if he would lend me the sum I had lost. This he agreed to do, and the conversation turned on family matters generally. The

old man had quite forgotten it," she exclaimed.

"Here, Martha, run up stairs and fetch my purse out of my dressing-case; the keys are in my dressing-table drawer."

Martha flew up the stairs to do her mistress bidding, while I stood and chafed in the hall and submitted to having my coat brushed. In a moment she returned, bringing the purse, and Marian ran into the dining room. Two or three minutes passed, and Marian was still fumbling about at the side-board. I entered the room impatiently. Marian looked at me crossly.

"This is quite too bad, Harold. What have you done with the box?"

"Done with the box!" I exclaimed;

"what do you mean, Marian?"

"I won't stand this trifling any longer," replied my wife. "It's a shame to give me the responsibility of that money and then treat me like this."

"Very unlikely, indeed."

Then my mother continued. "It seems to me that the nearer home you look for your money the sooner you will find it."

"The money's not here. It's gone, box and all," Marian replied, with a white face.

"Gone!" I cried. "Gone!" Where's it gone, how's it gone, or who has taken it, I should like to know? You must be raving. Let me come and look!"

Marian moved aside and I knelt down to the drawer. No sign of a box was there. As my wife had said, the money was gone.

But how, when or where? The drawer was locked, the dressing-case was locked, the purse was inside it, the keys in the dressing-table drawer.

These things my wife and Martha were sure of. A man placed in such a position is bound to have an idea on the subject and to assert it, so I suggested that Marian must be the culprit.

"No, no, don't say that," cried my wife, excitedly. "I'd as soon believe that I was the thief as she. I've known her all my life. No, no; it isn't Martha."

"You talk like a child," I replied, with an air of superiority, for really woman have no reasoning power whatever—not even the best of them. "Can't you suggest any one else who by any possibility could have taken the money?"

"Indeed I cannot," Marian replied. "It could not be house-breakers, for the locks were just as I left them; nothing had been touched apparently."

"You admit that it could not be any one outside the house, so it must be Martha; that is plain logic," I said, with as much evenness of temper as I could command at the moment.

"It isn't Martha," replied my wife stubbornly; "I'll never believe it."

For my part, I felt sure that it was Marian. And as it was quite impossible that she could have got rid of it yet, I hoped I should easily discover it.

For some minutes I remained stunned by this new aspect of affairs. Could it be possible that my Marian was guilty? I would never believe it. And yet she had never attempted to deny it. And the anxious face she had lately worn, together with other circumstances of the case, served only to confirm the idea. Would that it had not been so, or even being so, that she would come to me for the reconciliation I was longing for, and the forgiveness I was only too anxious to bestow?

"Your forgiveness," she added breathily; "I do not need it," and without another word she left me.

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A day or two after this I found a note awaiting me when I returned home to dinner. The hand writing was Marian's, and my delight at seeing it was so great that I kissed it again and again. Eagerly I opened it and read it. It read as follows:

"The society of a thief cannot be congenial. For that reason I have kept out of your way till I made up my mind what to do. I shall not trouble you any more.

Husbands have certain prerogatives. I asserted one at that moment, and I read the letter. If you care to do the same here it is; if not, skip it:

DEAR MAX.—If you don't contrive to send me £10 before this day week it will be ruinous to me. If you send it you will enable me to retrieve my former position, and become a credit to my family. Yours affectionately, FRANK.

"The young rascal! What fresh mess has he been getting into?" I exclaimed angrily. This same Frank had been the source of untold squabbles between myself and Marian; held a fairly good position in the city for an unmarried man, and yet was always getting into debt.

Practically I heard Marian enter the house. With the letter in my hand I confronted her. She turned first white, and then red, and asked me by what right a gentleman entered a lady's private room and read her correspondence.

I paid no attention to this high-flown language, but replied by asking her whether she had been out to post a letter. She admitted she had.

"To Frank?" I inquired.

"I decline to say," she replied haughtily.

"Containing money?" I asked.

"That I also decline to say," she replied. Here was a pretty pass things had come to—my own wife openly refusing to answer my questions! What was I to think? I think any one else in my place would have come to the same conclusion as I did—namely, that the letter was to Frank, and that it contained money. A few inquiries at the postoffice confirmed my supposition.

From the time of this discovery a cloud seemed to have settled over our usually happy household. Marian was sulky and angry, and sat at the head of the table without saying a word. Between meal times I scarcely ever saw her. Martha sated with her mistress, and always looked at me reproachfully.

"Come at once to baby." The night train would leave in about an hour's time. I packed a few things and started to catch it. In about three hours more I was conducted into the room where Marian was sitting with our little one lying in her lap and struggling hard for life.

Some medical man was already there, bending over the child and anxiously gazing at its contorted and livid features, but, as far as I could see, doing but little to assist in the battle against death. He left at once, and Marian looked up into my face.

"Thank God, you have come! He was doing no good. Oh, Harold! save my baby, save my child."

"I will do what I can to save our child," I answered.

I called a servant and gave my instructions. In a few minutes the room was filled with vapor, sent being carefully guarded. The cloud of vapor kept on steadily incasing till drops of water began to trickle down the walls. Still the child on Marian's lap lay almost choked, its struggles growing fainter each succeeding time.

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HOW HE WON HER.

As the lonely twilight hour
Wrapped the world in silent gloom.
And the somber ghostly shadows
Hovered darkly 'round the room.
Where a maiden and her lover
Sat in close communion sweet,
Listening to their heart beats,
Waiting time were not to fleet.
"Darling," whispered he so softly,
She drew closer just to hear,
"I have loved you long and fondly,
Won't you be my true wife, dear?
I'll be good, give up bad habits,
Give up drinking, smoke no more.
Still she sat, unmoved and rigid
With her eyes cast on the floor.
"I will leave off chewing, darling,"
Unconscious still she sat.
"Join me and have a Christian,
Now, my dearest, think of that!"
But she shut her lips together,
Shook her head and answered not,
And the sadness was unbroken,
Save by sighs of sadness fraught.
Desperately now, he wildly uttered:
"I will give diamond ring
As a seal to our engagement,
If your heart to me you'll bring."
Then she raised her drooping optics,
Laid her head upon his breast,
As tremblingly she murmured:
"Oh my darling, I am blessed."
And there they sat, and sat until
The soft, dark arms of night,
That dusky nurse of our great world
Had folded them from sight.
Pondering, planning, thinking,
She of the diamond ring,
And he—of how on earth
He was going to get the thing.
—Rose G. Clemens, in Our Continent

"California Jim."

"California Jim," as he was known in Laredo, was a young man of about 25 or 26, who had been a noted criminal for years. I was informed this morning by a man who had known him for a long time that Jim was for a long time a gambler and rough in New Mexico and Arizona. At Santa Fe, N. M., he was considered one of the most dangerous and desperate characters in the territory, and was known as "Six-shooter Smith." In Tombstone, Ariz., he gave his name as James W. Smith, but he was known as "Six-shooter," and he also figured in Gainesville, Tex., under the same name.

He was working in a restaurant in Laredo, and on last Saturday had a quarrel with his employer. He immediately seized his pistol and fired at the proprietor. Marshall Johnson came up to arrest him, when he fired at him and mortally wounded him. He then left and started up the track of the International railroad, evidently making for San Antonio. A reward was offered for his capture, and the whole country was up in arms. He worked his way along the line of the railroad, carefully avoiding ranches and persons, until he reached the station house at Cactus, for hunger had driven him to desperation. He entered the station house, and at the point of his pistol forced the keeper to give him his breakfast and some clothing. Sheriff W. A. Tompkins, of this county, who had been notified of the murder of Marshal Johnson, immediately started toward Laredo, hoping to intercept him. This side of Webb station he found traces of the criminal, and for three days he trailed him through the brush like an Indian, coming so close to him that Jim says he saw him on four occasions. When Sheriff Tompkins reached this place last Thursday he found Jim had taken breakfast at the station house and passed on. Several parties started out at once to effect his capture.

About 2 p. m. Thursday, Charley Smith and Wesley De Spain, two young men from near this place, who had gone out to hunt horses, and also to look for Jim, were at the Cibolo station. While sitting at the camp of John Yeager resting, they saw a man passing along the top of the brushy ridge near the depot. They at once mounted and started towards him. When they came up within speaking distance Charles Smith says he intended to engage him in conversation until he was satisfied that he was the right man. But "California Jim" was too desperate to take any chances, and when Smith and De Spain were within 30 rods of him he drew his revolver, turned and began firing on them. At the first or second fire De Spain was struck in the side, the ball passing out near the spine, and his horse threw him. Charley Smith dismounted and drew his gun, and returned the fire, shooting three times. One shot struck Jim at the joint of the hip, crushing the bone, passing on through his bowels, ranging up and lodging against the skin on the other side. Jim fell, but rose to a sitting position and fired again at Charlie, who was shooting, with his gun drawn. This shot struck Charlie just below the knee, ranging up through the fleshy part of the leg and entering his breast. By this time Jim had stopped firing and was down. Charlie then started for the station house. On his way he met the Mexican hands, who helped him to reach the house. "California Jim" lingered in great agony until 3 o'clock in the morning, and was gone to the last. No pain seemed to move him, and when told he was dying, he said that it was "all right." During the night he spoke tenderly of "Molly," and the last words I heard him say were: "Well, Molly, it's all over now."

Jim stated before he died that his real name was John Henry Hankins, and that he had a brother living near Neosho, Mo. He also said that there was a reward of \$1,000 offered for his capture in Arizona, and that he was wanted in New Mexico. Two or three times he attempted to make a full confession to Sheriff Tompkins, but he was so weak that he could not talk.

He said he was sorry he shot Charlie Smith, for he was a brave man, but that he never intended to be caught, and would have killed anybody who came on him.—[San Antonio Express.]

Scorpions.

It is wonderful that one doesn't hear of more scorpion stings, considering how abundant these pernicious insects are in nearly every tropical and sub-tropical country. They are fairly hardy, too, and will survive a much greater degree of cold than centipedes. One morning, when I had just returned from a voyage and was repacking and arranging some things in my bedroom at the hotel in Southampton, a lively, vigorous scorpion fell out of a shell upon my bare foot; luckily it rolled off, and the carpet received the emphatic tap of its tail which was intended as a delicate attention to myself. A bath sponge seems to be their favorite haunt, and it always behoves one to carefully examine that article before getting into one's tub in regions where these little pests abound. I think, that over a dozen were killed in my cabin during one fortnight—brought there, no doubt, in a box of Espiritu Santo orchids from Panama. Cargoes of coir, bananas and other fruit and vegetables in bulk, often introduce them on board vessels, and in old wooden ships especially they will remain, and colonize the bulkheads and interspaces. I got a nip once, and only once. Walking along the main deck of a steamer lying in Rio de Janeiro, loading up with coffee, being barefooted and in the dark, I trod, as I thought, on a piece of glass; but, drawing my foot up instinctively, I felt the tickling of a scorpion's feet on my heel. It seemed to have curled after its tail. The local symptoms were about equal in intensity to the bite of a common viper or the sting of a mirabunda, but with less constitutional derangement; the ulcer was a long time in healing, however. There is a ghastly story told of a gentleman in India, who, pulling on his boots one morning, felt a horrid prickly object in one of them. With great presence of mind, instead of withdrawing it, he forced his foot violently down and stamped on it furiously, though enduring exquisite agony in the process. But it was not a centipede, only a small blacking brush left there by a careless servant. The Psylli of Pliny and other historians, as well as their modern descendants, who swallow live scorpions, and carry them in their caps next their shaven crowns, probably derive them first of the means of doing harm, as they serve the venomous serpents with which they juggle, by blunting their stings. It is, nevertheless, very easy to hold a scorpion, and possibly to handle them freely, when accustomed to them. See how some people can pull about wild rats and bees and ferrets without injury, though taking no apparent precaution. Manipulation of snakes, too, only requires a little observation of their weak points and respect for their prejudices, which one glides into insensibly by habit.—[London Field.]

Marry a Gentleman.

Girls, if you would be happy in married life, marry a gentleman.

A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered by yes or no.

A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, but if a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior.

There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character, which everywhere commands respect, and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen.

Do not despair, girls; there are such men still in the world. You need not all old maidens. But wait until the princess comes by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from a liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard-player.

He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well.

VARIETIES.

All the Year Round, in chronicling some awful blunders in print, says that in the Parliamentary report of one of the London dailies a right honorable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamebird of Birmingham," an allusion to his preception which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamaleel of Birmingham." That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if this be co-rectly credited to a Glasgow paper's account of a shipping disaster:

"The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for \$2,000, and carried 200 tons of pig-iron." But less ephemeral publications than newspapers have occasionally furnished ludicrous ambiguity. Morse's old geography, for example, pointed out an architectural peculiar-

ity of an extraordinary character when it informed the rising generation of its time, that a certain town contained "400 houses and 4,000 inhabitants, all standing with their gables ends to the street."

Jess C. had the reputation of being the "biggest liar" in Georgia, and was never known to come out behind. One hot day Bill H. sat on the shady side of his barn. After dinner he saw Jess riding in great haste toward town. Bill halted and went to the gate, Jess asked him what he wanted.

"Stop and tell us a big lie," said Bill.

"No time for lying now," said Jess. "Your Uncle Sol died suddenly a hour ago, and I am going for the coroner and a coffin."

And on he went. Bill ran to the house and told his wife. She gathered up the children. He hitched the wagon, loaded in his family, and posted off four miles through heat and dust to Uncle Sol's. On arriving he found the family and two neighbors in the large kitchen. Uncle Sol buried—the eyes in half a big watermelon. The surprise was mutual, and explanations followed.

"Well," said Bill, "I asked Jess for a big lie, and not only got it, but was fool enough to believe it. I wouldn't believe him again if I knew he was dying."

A MILITARY ECLIPSE.—On the morning preceding a recent solar eclipse, a German paper, Capt. Von S., issued the following verbal order to his company, through his sergeant major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade:

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barrack yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men."

The sergeant major, having set down his commanding officer's instructions in writing, as he understood them, formed the company into a hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order thus:

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barrack yard, by order of the captain, and will be attended by the whole company, in fatigue jackets and caps. The captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person."

IRRAINED PITCHFORKS.—The shower came on, or rather it came down—a shower never come on—so unexpectedly that nearly every body was taken by surprise and Jefferson Avenue was in a panic. Young Masher, who never goes without his umbrella, saw his opportunity, and sailing up to the prettiest girl with the prettiest hat in all Burlington, made a bow that is warranted to kill across the street, and said:

"May I offer you my umbrella?"

"Oh, a thousand thanks," she said. "Papa will bring it down to the office in the morning," and she sailed away dry-shod, leaving him desolate and soaking in his loneliness, like a pelican in the wilderness and as a weather-vane upon the house-top.

By glancing over the local columns of our exchanges we are pleased to learn that about all the horses ridden by the brigadier and major generals during the late war are alive, and "quite old." We were fully prepared for the fact of their being alive, having seen all of these horses at various places during the past year, with our own eyes, but we are surprised to learn they are "quite old." However, that fact removes a cloud of mystery from our mind, and confirms us in our deep suspicion that the five year old colts they showed us at Amsterdam was not, as they declared, the horse General Thomas rode in the battles of the Wilderness.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SARCASM among military men is sometimes expressed so that it hurts. During the war the rebel, John Morgan, was in Kentucky, and he was particularly down on a regiment of Kentucky troops, the Thirty-Second. They were stationed in Somerset, in that State, and one day Morgan sent a flag of truce to the commanding officers as follows:

"Remove the women and children and the Thirty-Second Kentucky at once, as I am going to shell the town."

The feelings of the officers and men of that Kentucky regiment can be imagined but not described.

"ONLY one mother," read Jimmy Tuffboy, as he glanced at the headline in a newspaper, "I should think that was enough. Golly, how a fellow would catch it if he had two mothers. Two licksings where I get one now; both ears pulled at the same time; go without my supper twice in one day; sent on two errands in two different directions at the same time. Well, I can't be too thankful dad ain't a Mormon."

A ROMPISH lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple stand:

"It seems to me that you should quit this trying business and go at something that is not so wearing on the brain."

"Oh, 'taint business," said the apple seller, "it is lyin' awake nights trying to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan 'sylum or to a home for played out law-layers, as is killing me."

WEBSTER was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments was dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, said the style was dull, turgid, dry, hard and uninteresting, and besides, that he used too many big words. But at last Noah succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, propelling up babies at the dinner table.

LADY VISITOR.—"Your boy looks very bad, Mrs. Jones; what's the matter?"

Mrs. Jones—"Yes, ma'am, he be very bad; and what's more, the doctors has made him worse. I sure we poor people need to pray with all our hearts, 'From all false doctrine, good Lord deliver us!'" I never saw its meaning afore."

Chaff.

A tax which concerns housekeepers—The tax carrels.

It was a Detroit girl who wanted to marry at 15, so as to have her golden wedding up the faster.

What play would be most likely to interest farmers at this season of the year?—The Rake's Progress.

A child being asked what were the three great feast of the Jews, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Next we shall have a coat tail filtration device. Having the tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."

A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast in a Reno hotel, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin yer a perior, hon?" She—"No, thank you, deary, I have e'er skinned."

A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor bed destination, saying, "I'm not in the world for this." Now she doesn't know whether to retire from the world or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat-rack.

A facetious baker in Auburn, N. Y., put a

broad grin lately on the faces of all his customers by announcing on a conspicuous placard that he sold out of a new kind which made bread so light that a pound of it only weighed 12 ounces.

A Chicago man, caught with hook and line in another man's trout brook, completely silenced the owner, who remonstrated with the majestic answer: "Who wants to catch your trout? I'm only trying to drown this for U.S."

"In such a shower as this," said a luckless Bohemian who was chilled and wetted through, "I wish I was Job." "Why?" asked he was all covered with Ulsters. "That's a fact. He would be just the man for U.Z."

"A Brooklyn man has been sent to jail for killing his girl good-night." This should teach Brooklyn young men a lesson. They will probably hereafter imitate the example of young men in other cities—that is, remain a couple of hours longer, and kiss her good-night.

Buronla Beach, about three miles north of Port Huron, with which it is connected by street cars and omnibus line, the grounds comprises about 54 acres, giving a frontage on the lake of three-quarters of a mile. Although this is the first sea shore, thirteen cottages are already built and occupied, another was commenced the day we left, and more are to be built immediately. There is a large dining hall, under the supervision of Mrs. Benedict, who good, substantial food, neatly served, is provided at low rates, and which will be enlarged next year. No land is sold to intending residents, the proprietor proposing to look after the social tone of the place himself, but sites are leased, and cottages may be built in any style desired. There are no accommodations for "transients," picnic and excursion parties are not allowed to fling pickle ends and watermelon rinds over the lawns, being in fact debarred from trespassing. There is not a peanut stand on the premises, "book fiends," not a bottle of "pop" to be had short of Fort Gratiot. The cottages are built about 150 feet from the shore, which descends gradually, and forms a splendid bathing place, perfectly safe even for children. This quiet place would afford little pleasure to a city belle with a Saratoga full of new dresses calculated to "astonish the natives," or to the "howling swell" who would faint at the idea of being seen in his shirt sleeves, and who wouldn't handle an oar for fear of blistered and browned hands, but those who love nature, who want quiet, with yet a sense of human companionship, who can forego gossip and scandal, and be happy in simple pleasures, can find here rare delight in sea and sky and shore.

What we did, and how we did it, must be reserved till next time.

which we sought our rose-colored parlor, and soon after were dreaming to the lullaby of the waves. And now for a brief description of the place:

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Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice will be given to all subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the FARMER, so questions will be answered by those who know. No remuneration will be given for the information given, but the subscribers will be asked to contribute one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms must be accurately described, how long existing, together with the age and animal, and what treatment has been resorted to. Private addresses, 201 First Street Detroit.

Quitter.

MENDON, Aug. 8th, 1882.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I am coming to you once more for your advice, which on two occasions proved of much benefit to me, and hope it may prove the same to me now. I have a horse which went suddenly lame in the right front foot. At first I thought it was in the shoulder, and doctored him for it, but in a few days I was surprised to find a running sore at the top of the hoof at the hair. I was advised to poultice it, which I did for nearly a week, but the suppuration at the top of the hoof increased until the hoof and hair were separated from the heel, nearly to the toe on the inside of the foot, and a large, ugly mass of tissue fell off hanging over the top of the hoof, bleeding whenever he stepped on it. Shall I continue the poultice or what shall I do for it? Any advice you may give me I will strictly attend to. Please answer in the next week's FARMER and oblige. J. R.

Answer.—The trouble with your horse is quitter, a disease which may be caused by bruises, suppurative corns, but more frequently from a nail being driven too close in shoeing, which shows itself in lameness three or four days after. If the nail is not removed suppurative action is established within the hoof, which having no vent, in time makes its appearance above the hoof as in your animal. It is now a quitter, (distilla of the foot) called by horsemen gravel. The fungoid condition of the foot is due alone to the action of the improper poulticing; such treatment is ruinous to the foot, leaving it forever after in a deformed state, thus lessening the value of the animal very considerably, and not unfrequently rendering it entirely useless. The proper treatment, (first introduced at the clinics of the veterinary college of Philadelphia, some twenty years ago, by Prof. Robt. Jennings), is when suppuration first commences, to cut an opening through the sole of the foot at the point of suppuration, which would be, if caused by a nail, immediately behind the crowding nail; if caused by a corn the hoof at that point should be opened in like manner, so as to give vent to the matter from below; a small poultice to cover the opening is now proper, but must not be continued longer than 36 to 48 hours, when it may be removed and a pledge of tow saturated with pine tar and linseed oil, should be applied, the shoe put on, and if not lame the animal may be put to work. But in your case it is too late for this treatment. The separated or loose portion of the crust or hoof must be cut away from the top downward, excising the diseased parts; no portion of the separated horn must remain, as it harbors and stimulates the secretion of pus. That done, set the foot in a nail with a false bottom and pour in the following solution: warm sulphate of zinc, 1 pound; warm water one gallon, or enough to cover the sore, let the foot remain in the solution ten or fifteen minutes; repeat the operation twice a day until the wound assumes a healthy appearance. The senior four-oared race was won by the Centennials, of Detroit, who are now champions of the United States, but this claim will probably be disputed by the Hillsdale on their return.

Mr. A. J. Roys, the popular bookseller of this city, sends us *Harper's Magazine* for September. Its table of contents is as full and varied as usual, and all of an interesting description. In fact the person would be hard to please who could not find in any issue of this thoroughly American magazine, something to amuse as well as instruct. With all the new claimants for favor, we confess that the liking for *Harper* that was formed over twenty-five years ago, is still as strong as ever.

The firm of Newberry & McMillan, of this city, on Thursday last attached all the loose property of the Great Western Railway that they could find in Detroit, and also one of the transfer steamers. On Friday night they captured the other steamer and brought the business of the road to a standstill, the road not being able to run the train, Saturday afternoon the officials of the Grand Trunk succeeded in having the boats released, and for the present business is going on as usual. The attachment was issued at the suit of Newberry & McMillan, on a claim of \$7400 for mileage on cars furnished to the Great Western Railway, by the Chicago & Erie Car Company, of which they are the principal owners.

Sweeney.

BROOKLYN, Mich., August 4th, 1882.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a horse, good size and strong, four years old, color sorrel. Parted with the limb of the collar and just about two inches back of it on the side of the shoulder is a depression the width of my hand and about its thickness in depth, a foot or more in length, but does not extend to the top of the shoulder; is only slightly lame. Our most experienced horseman calls it "shoulder shrunk," others call it sweenie. My horseman first discovered it about eight weeks since, or near the first of June. Had used the horse in a three horse team plowing during the spring—think that his collar fitted well, and he was not overworked. I procured him early in the spring, and let him into the yard with other young horses for exercise and water, and he was quite fearful of one of my young horses, he was once driven into a corner of the yard, knocking through a gate, and possibly striking that shoulder, but I did not anticipate any injury or discover any at the time. Have treated by puncturing the skin and filling with air and rubbing daily with the following liniment: Oil tar, 2 oz.; cedar, 1 oz.; tincture caprylic, 1 oz.; tincture camphor, 1 oz.; oil ammonia, 1 oz.; tincture amica, 2 oz.; turpentine, 1 oz.; oil campe, 1 oz.; oil origanum, 1 oz.; olive oil, 1 oz. Have used him occasionally to a light buggy. The above has cured in several instances in about six weeks in this neighborhood. Mine has been treated six weeks and is perceptibly no better. One horseman says he had a horse so, and he used him right along, and he got well in a year without any treatment. In a forty years use of horses this is my first case of it. What shall I do?

SUBSCRIBERS.

Answer.—The atrophy, or shrinking of the muscles of the shoulder, is a condition commonly called sweenie; it is not a disease, but the effect of various diseases occurring in the front limbs, anywhere from the foot to the shoulder. The collar probably had nothing to do with the wasting away of the muscular tissue. Your colt no doubt has been hurt, by sprain or other injury to some of the joints, but which we cannot determine from your brief description. The puncturing of the skin, and inserting a tube for the purpose of inflating the cellular tissue beneath with air, is one of the dodges practised by pretenders in veterinary science for effect. The true secret in the treatment of diseases is first to make a correct diagnosis, to learn if

possible the cause, pathological condition, without a correct knowledge of which, we are working in the dark. To locate in and treat the shoulder, simply because there is atrophy of the muscles of that part, is only treating the effect, but not the disease, hence so many failures, and the consequent dread of sweenie. Rarely indeed is the shoulder the seat of lameness when the symptoms are obscure, or sweenie is present. When so seated the dragging of the limb when brought forward is an unmistakable symptom, but should not be confounded with injuries of the knee. All obscure lamenesses are located by the manner of using the leg, each joint presenting different symptoms. The picking up and putting down the foot, the manner in which the leg is carried forward, whether straight, semi-circular, lifting or dragging, all have their peculiar points of location. If you can describe these so we have a clear understanding of them, we will try and assist you in diagnosing and locating the disease, and advise you how to treat it.

Another Cattle Disease.

Dr. James E. Reeves, of Wheeling, West Virginia, Secretary of the State Board of Health, has received information from several counties in the State announcing the presence of an infectious fatal cattle disease. It seems to be a specific contagion febrile affection. In some particulars it resembles pleuro-pneumonia. The march of symptoms is not the same as described among the sick cattle of Brooks County, heretofore reported. Dr. Reeves has ordered specific reports and post mortem examinations.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

CITY ITEMS.

In the wrestling match between Robert Wright, of this city, and Lester Burton, of Clio, Wright proved the victor, getting two straight falls.

The Great Western and Grand Trunk railroads were finally fused on Saturday last, and the joint roads will hereafter be known as the Grand Trunk Railway.

The case against Dr. Hollywood has been discontinued in the Recorder's Court. This probably ends the Martin Whittle case, at least as far as he and Peoples are concerned.

The visiting aldermen from Milwaukee arrived in the city Wednesday noon, and were met at the depot by a committee of citizens, who took them in charge, and for the following two days made their stay instructive and pleasant.

The regatta last week proved a great success, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The senior four-oared race was won by the Centennials, of Detroit, who are now champions of the United States, but this claim will probably be disputed by the Hillsdale on their return.

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The notorious Bob McKinney, who has for several months been lying in the Wayne County jail, under conviction of receiving stolen property, and whose case was taken to the Supreme Court on a bill of exceptions, was brought to the Recorder's Court on Saturday for the purpose of giving bail. Some misunderstanding arose, and it was deferred until to-day. Bob's friends have not forsaken him, and when he is released on bail, it is dollars to brass buttons that he never gets what he has richly earned—a long term at Jackson. It was reported that he had threatened that if he was not released he would "equal." We wonder if this had anything to do with his getting bail?

During the absence of the Detroit Base Ball Club from the city, there is no scarcity of ball games, and almost every afternoon Recreation Park is the scene of a hotly contested game between two improved rivals. On Saturday last the boys in the offices of the D. G. H. & M. R. R., played their second game of the season, the clubs being known as the "Old Relievers," and the "Go as You Please." The game was called at three o'clock sharp, and the last ball was pitched over the plate at 7:15. The "Old Relievers" had Jas. McQueen Jr. for pitcher and W. D. Tiffany for catcher, while J. N. Brown, did the pitching and P. Jacobson the catching for the "Go as You Please." In the first innings a hotrounder caught Ben Fletcher on the shin, and time was called until he could provide himself with a pair of cricket's leggings. With these on he played a faultless game until another hot one took him just below the belt, and doubled him up in fine style. How to protect himself from a recurrence of such an accident was a puzzle, but in hunting around the club house he happily struck a barrel head, which he secured to his body in the shape of a shield. His appearance after donning this, though not artistic, was very unique. One of the most brilliant features of the game was a running left hand catch of a long line by A. J. Cooper; his weight is 250 pounds. Tandy played third base in good style and filled the pitcher's box for one inning. His curves bothered the boys very much, as they only got 14 base hits off his pitching. Waugh did well on second base, but is a little too long to catch on grounders. M. J. Clark played his position in right field without an error, and his weight is 250 pounds.

FEED.—There is little or none moving and market values are almost nominal. Coarse feed would command \$14@15; corn and oats, \$3@5.

BUTTER.—Market very quiet, but unchanged. Some choice selection command 9c per lb., but the general price is 18@20c per lb for good to choice. Low grades are inquire for.

CHEESE.—Buyers represent a fairly active market at 12@13@14c for fine Swiss brands; other descriptions are quoted at 11@11@12.

Eggs.—Are dull; fresh crates are at 18@20c per dozen.

BEANS.—Invoices of pure quoted at 20@21c; in stock it is held at 20@20c.

Onions.—Market quiet. About \$2.75 per bushel the usual price.

Butter Tubs.—Choice Vermont spring 75 per cent of three tubs.

Dried Fruit.—Firn; common dried apples 6@8@10c; evaporated apples, 13@14c; peaches, 15@16c and scarce; plums, 16c; pitted cherries scarce and nominal at 20@22c.

Beans.—Choice hand-picked are quoted at \$3.00 per bushel. Very few moving.

Melons.—Receipts of water-melons are free and the market is well supplied at \$18@20 per 100; negroes at \$20@22 per 100.

Peaches.—Yesterdays the market had only limited supply and was quiet. Early Michigan stone fruit is held at 20@20c. Fine southern Illinois Crawford \$1.25@1.30.

Pears.—Common varieties are being offered at about \$2 per bushel, c. o. e. Barlettis would command \$1.25 per bushel.

Potatoes.—Offerings have been very liberal, while the movement outward is very light. They are not quoable at over \$1.60@1.75 per barrel.

Hops.—None in market except a few in second hands. A good article could not be got less than 20c per lb, and they would be cheap at that.

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The Breeder's Gazette.

This splendid weekly paper for stock breeders continues to improve as it grows older. The number now before us of August 8th, contains thirty-two pages, and is profusely illustrated with original engravings. On the first page is a beautiful picture of a Guernsey cow and calf. This is followed by a full-page engraving, showing a group of Jersey cattle, artistically arranged, and forming a most attractive picture. Then we have an engraving of the celebrated Polled Angus, Old Granville, at thirty-five years old, perhaps the most celebrated cow that ever lived, the mother of twenty-nine calves. Then there is a likeness of her breeder and owner. Among other leading articles, is very interesting one on "How Breeds are Formed," another is a continuation of a series of articles on the "Breeds of Sheep." Judge Jones contributes a chapter in his series, the "History of Short-horn Breeding in Ohio." Horsemen will be delighted with the account of the races at Cleveland, and the description of the winners, with their pedigrees. The price of the Gazette is \$3.00 a year, or \$2.00 in clubs of ten. Published by J. H. Sanders & Co., Chicago.

An Array of Facts.

CARIO, N. Y.—Charles Hoffman, of this place, says: "I have used for a year or more Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, and find they have been very beneficial to me, in fact cured me of Dyspepsia in its worst form." Isaac Hoffman and Frank Kenne have also been cured of Sick Headache and Dyspepsia by their use. Wetzel Salsbury says they have been used by himself and family to great advantage; have cured his daughter of Sick Headache. The Bitters seem to be just the medicine for the disease for which they are recommended.

E. C. STEVENS.

Price 25 cts per bottle.

The Best Education.

It may not be possible or even desirable that every farmer boy should receive a literary education, but he should have a practical business education. This age demands that the farmer shall be a good business man. Among the institutions of learning devoted to practical education, none ranks higher than the Jacksonville, Ill., Business College and English Training School.

Free to All.

A handsome mantle Ornament, consisting of an Artist's Easel and a beautiful landscape picture in colors, will be mailed free to every person who will send us the names and postoffice addresses of ten young people. Each address to be different and plainly written.

Address, The Assistant Publishing Co., 5th and Chestnut Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

YOUNG men can save money by attending the Business College at Kalamazoo.

Send for JOURNAL.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.—Special documents are offered you by the Burlington route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

THE U. S. Government are using large numbers of the Improved Howe Scales. Borden, Selleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

COMMERCIAL.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, August 15, 1882.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 1,163 bushels; shipments 889 bushels. There is a fair demand for the best grades for local consumption. Prices are generally lower than a week ago, as the result of the weather feeling in wheat. We quote.

White wheat, roller process..... \$1.00 @ .90

Fancy white (city miles)..... 7.50@ 7.00

Chic white wheat (country)..... 7.25@ 7.00

Minneapolis spring..... 7.50@ 7.25

Minneapolis patents..... 9.00@ 9.50

Wheat, roller process..... 1.00@ .90

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